

*Bessie Morgan*

THE

BRISBANE

# CURSE AND ITS CURE

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

DR. T. P. LUCAS.

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VOL. I.

THE RUINS OF BRISBANE,  
IN THE YEAR 2000.

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# THE RUINS OF BRISBANE.

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## PREFACE TO VOLUME I.

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THE world is upside down. Every thinker acknowledges the fact. Everybody is dissatisfied and unhappy because it is so. All intelligent observers are satisfied that the world cannot be at rest until it is again righted, right side up. The question with the multitude is, "can it again be placed right side up."

The Anarchist yearns for things to be righted. He yearns, until he goes mad. The self-styled Socialist yearns, but lacks all solid foundation of true reform. The Christian yearns. God yearns.

In this volume endeavour is made to ferret out and explore those Juggernauts of selfishness, which are crushing and ruining the people.

Brisbane is chosen as the ideal city. With local variations the story includes all the cities of civilization. The characters represented are class types, so painted as to allow all to detect some likeness to themselves, but none to see their individuality. Let each wear the cap which best fits. If the bonnet suits the complexion, claim it.

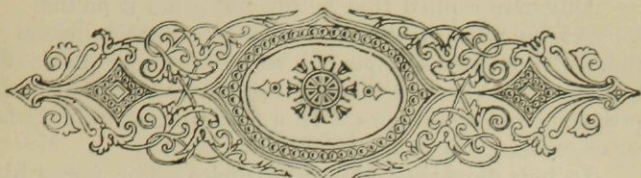
Selfishness is fast ruining the world. With this knife we have all been cutting one another's throat. It is time we stayed the game. Reader, patiently with me, seek to trace and lay bare selfishness in its ultimate ramifications. To know the cause of the disease is a preparation for the cure. Let us rise to our manhood. Let us cut off the diseased joint. Let us extract the hypnotic venom. Let us lay ourselves on the altar, dedicated to this most noble of all callings, the slaying of a world of selfishness, the creation of a world of love.

T. P. LUCAS.

Brisbane, Queensland,  
February 28, 1894.







# THE RUINS OF BRISBANE.

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## CHAPTER I.

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### A SAIL UP THE BRISBANE RIVER.

**T**HE year two thousand and ——— ! How funny !  
And just fancy, to be sailing up the Brisbane River  
in a fast sailing yacht !

Can it be wondered that I was surprised to find myself  
a lonely mariner on this sub-tropical river of Australia ?

It was useless to ask myself any questions. I certainly  
could not satisfactorily explain to myself how I came to be  
placed in such a remarkable situation. How I came to be  
in that yacht, sole owner and captain, was to me an in-  
solvable mystery. I remembered in days gone by, knowing  
a sailor, who experienced a remarkable adventure in Sydney.  
He was taking a walk, and for pastime was gazing in at  
the shop windows. A stranger came alongside, and also  
took the liberty of staring in the windows. The stranger  
passed the time of day. The sailor civilly replied. Step by  
step the stranger introduced topics of conversation, until the  
sailor unwarily was interested in a most exciting discussion.

The two still deeply engaged in conversation, walked  
along as far as an adjacent street corner. As they there  
stopped, opposite to a public house, the stranger suggested  
that they should go in and wet their pleasant acquaintance-  
ship with a drink.



Our hero replied that he did not mind if he did.

As he was drinking, a strange sensation came over him. The glasses appeared to be turning upside down. The bar seemed to be turning round, and the bar-maids to be dancing before his eyes. In a few minutes quickly fading consciousness was wrapt in oblivion.

In four days time, the unfortunate sailor found himself thrown out into the street, minus all his belongings, ill and dazed. It would appear that the drugged drink had nearly killed the drinker. To save their necks from the gallows, a gang of conspirators were forced to nurse their victim for a few days back again to life. When they dared to do so in small comparative risk, they cast him out into the street.

Such was life, and such was civilized humanity in my early days. Yet, in these facts I could gain no further light upon the subject, how did I come to be in that yacht? For my part, I was a teetotaler, and never wasted my time in gazing vacantly into shop windows, or talking to idlers, or speculating in spirits.

It is useless theorising. I acknowledge to myself that I may as well submit my will to the inevitable, and do my best to enjoy a pleasant voyage in this beautiful yacht.

In this determination I quickly inspect the boat. I find she is named the *Lady Bertha*. She is well stocked with provisions, and I assume that everything has been arranged for my comfort. I wonder where I am, and in what year, month, day and hour I am now existing.

At first I believe I must be in Dreamland or Hades. But as I gaze around me, everything seems so real and material. I splash the water as the boat dips before the wind, and I am satisfied that it wets me to the skin. I feel hungry, and to prove that I am in the body, I feed on tasty sandwiches and luscious fruits.

In my dilemma I determine to sail on and on until I meet with other travellers.

As I travel over knot after knot, the river begins to narrow.

I almost believe here and there that I can recognise my bearings. But I am puzzled. Everything is so desolate. No sign of cultivation meet the eye. No houses are to be seen. No mobs of cattle graze on the river's banks. No

buoys or other signs of a mariner's master hand disturb the muddy waters. Bush and forest hold extensive reign. Mangrove trees and bushes are rescuing mud-flats from the river in sheltered positions. Nature rules in primitive sway. If man ever discovered these shores, where is he to-day?

It was a delightful morning. The sun shone in unclouded splendour. The firmament was of a glorious azure, with a softer beauty, if possible, than the brightest Italian sky.

Dark blue kingfishers flitted swiftly along the river's brim. Light cœrulean halcyons held watch sitting on dead tree boles. Laughing jackasses, themselves the giants of the kingfisher tribe, were screaming their dignified laughter in the woods close by. The duck-billed platypus, the wonder and the pride of early Australian discovery, played in undisturbed quiet on a sloping grassy bank.

Yes, I felt sure I was in Australian waters, but where were the Australians.

I strained my eyes to detect on the river banks the old familiar banana stems, rearing their heads in stately grace, but I failed to discover any.

Suddenly, round the bend of the river, I disturbed a herd of kangaroos, leisurely feeding. They took no notice of my presence, except to look up, and to go on again with their meal.

Sharks were not uncommon, and once or twice I even fancied I saw a crocodile, remindful of the Poet laureate of Australia.

He plunged headlong, the Northern diver;  
A crocodile in Brisbane river.  
The old sea nymphs seized on the sinner,  
And cooked and ate him for their dinner

A beautiful white breasted sea eagle, on the dead bole of an old tree, was enjoying his after dinner nap. I shouted, but failed to rouse him, after his gormandising meal.

Ospreys were lazily and gracefully sweeping over the waters and catching up the fish. Of these latter there seemed to be no stint. In fact shoals of mullet were passing down the river, making out for sea.



As I sailed pleasantly along, I spied a black speck on the distant waters. At first I believed it to be a great shark sporting. As I gained on it, I noticed that it kept a straight forward course. Presently, my heart almost leaped into my mouth, as I thought it might be a sailing boat. On getting nearer my hopes were confirmed.

I now noticed that the stranger was lowering sail. This led me to believe that I had been sighted, and that his intentions were friendly.

In a few minutes we were alongside.

"Good morning," I said, raising my hat.

"Good morning," answered an elderly gentleman. "A beautiful day, is it not?"

"Yes," I replied, "the weather and the surroundings are like a fairyland; only the whole has such a forlorn look, that even nature in her solitary grandeur seems sublimely desolate."

"Not too many people in these parts I guess," said the gentleman, whom I by his nasal twang, recognised as American.

"So it appears," I answered, "May I be bold enough to ask your name and destination?"

"I guess I have no reason for refusing to satisfy your curiosity," said the American. "My name is West"

"And the lady with you, is, I presume, your daughter."

"There friend" replied Mr. West, "you are out of your reckoning. This excellent, amiable and beautiful young lady is my wife."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. West, I feel greatly honoured in being privileged to make your acquaintance."

"I reciprocate that pleasure," said Mrs. West, blushing, but bowing.

"May I ask you" I enquired of the worthy couple, "if you came from America in your small yacht?"

"I rather guess we did not," said Mr. West, "we should have made a poor show, I am afraid, if we had been obliged to weather the storms of the Pacific in this frail skiff. I am proud sir, to tell you that we do not do things in that way in my country. My wife and I had the pleasure of accompanying the N.M. Steamer Sandrora, which carried our sailing craft as a small parcel on board. It had

been arranged that the steamer should leave us at the mouth of the Brisbane River, so as to allow us to try our fortunes in a voyage of adventure on its waters."

"Have the Americans yet discovered the millenium?" I asked.

"As regards the millenium," answered the gentleman, "many people in America believe it has already commenced. Others again expect greater signs and wonders. Others again are expecting the end of the world daily."

"I presume," I interrupted, "that you do not hold this last opinion, or you would hardly have undertaken such a lengthy voyage"

"Scarcely, you bet your bottom dollar," smiled Mr. West. "Though, to tell you the truth, the world is marvelously ahead, and no stretching this time, of what it was in the nineteenth century. Then, I allow, the Americans did blow a little bit, but to-day,—ah well—the wind blows faster than we can travel with it."

"Have the Jews yet gone back to Palestine?" I asked.

"A number have settled there," he replied, "but as a nation they have not gone back. As Jews they number vastly fewer to-day than they did in the nineteenth century."

"How do you account for that," I queried.

"Because such multitudes of them have been converted to Christianity," said Mrs. West. "When they thus join the Christian Israel, they are put out of the Synagogue of old Jacob. This has been going on ever since the time of Jesus of Nazareth. All expelled ones are thus lost to old Jacob. In three or four generations the families are forgotten as Jews, and even their heirloom traditions, and genealogy are forgotten."

"Then," I asked, "do you believe that the Christian nations of Europe carry a large percentage of Abrahamic blood in their veins."

"I believe that there are millions of Abrahamic descendants among the Gentile nations, to-day" replied the lady. "The Jewish converts of the first century were numbered by tens of thousands. The writers of the New Testament, and founders of Christianity were all Jews. The Jewish Christians fled and escaped the fate of Jerusalem. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Christian Church,



and a large proportion of those martyr heroes and heroines were converted Jews. Can we for a moment think that their children went back to Judaism? If not, where are the descendants to-day, unless in Christendom."

I replied: "What you say appears perfectly plausible. The prophecies are full of promises to Israel. Are they being fulfilled? everywhere we find Jehovah chastening the old Jacob type people. Yet he promises to restore the kingdom to a renewed Israel. The supplanted Jacob had to flee from his father's house, to live in exile for years, and to become a servant in a strange land. But the repentant Israel of Padan Aran becomes the reinstated and chosen people. To such a people God promises, 'I will write My law in their heart.' The response rises, 'and they shall keep thy testimonies.' So to-day, the children of old Jacob who have become renewed Israel, reap the promises."

"Oh, what a lovely flower," ejaculated Mrs. West.

We had suddenly come in sight of a vast embankment of lantana.

"Yes," I said, "that is the lantana, the first evidence I have seen of the old time civilization."

"I do not understand you," said Mr. West.

"Excuse my abruptness," I replied, "I ought to have explained. But to me this impenetrable thicket of lantana calls up the mistakes and the sorrows of the past. The lantana, introduced from Brazil, is in tropical countries as the briars and thorns in colder climes. It is one of those weeds which in the curse worry the people who defy the Creator. It was introduced into Brisbane as a beautiful flowering shrub. It quickly overran any scrub land which came within its reach. It eventually, as you notice in this thicket to-day, rooted up trees and everything else before it. Governments were urged to extirpate it, but they lacked understanding. I expect as we get nearer to the city, that the ruins will be an impenetrable waste under guard of this rampant weed. It may be taken as the symbol of all the policy of the rulers of Brisbane *die fascians extinguens subinde*, fascinate now ever destroy."

"Land-grants railways and Kanaka labour, pubs, and race courses," said Mr. West.



"The inheritance sold for a mess of pottage," added his better half.

"Pardon me," I queried, "you must have been reading up the early history of Queensland."

"We have a few works with us," answered Mr. West. "Do you know where about the city was situated?"

We now drew to the shore and landed.

After lunching together on a gently sloping bank near the river, we again repaired to our boats.

I remarked that the river was remindful of Tennyson's words.

"For men may come and men may go  
But I go on for ever."

As I surveyed its shores I was satisfied that even they had changed. The early pioneers had spent vast sums of money in dredging, and cutting away the bar. In the palmy days of the city large ships were brought right up to the town wharves. But now many places were comparatively shallow.

As we sailed along, I was able to fix the locale of a small piece of scrub land. It was covered with a dense vegetation. Giant fig trees, tall nettle trees and other tropical type shrubs and trees were studded thickly together. Creepers were profusely spread everywhere among the foliage. We saw them gracefully looping from limb to limb, and climbing in wild unrestricted liberty. Beautiful convolvuluses threw their purple blossoms in tangled festoons. Wild oranges of various species, and evergreen runners bearing sweet-scented wax-like flowers added beauty and perfume. A few lawyer vines with all their inveighling ways and sharp hooked prickles, entangling the vegetation, were everywhere present, so named, I remembered, by the populace, from their likeness to a certain class in society in olden times.

I explained that on this site once stood a dynamite and powder magazine, near it was a caretaker's cottage. The amount of public money wasted over this treasure store was something astonishing.

"The Russians, I continued, were a sort of phantom scare, ever ready in the throes of political turmoil to come over and build their Czar a summer palace and pleasure

grounds in this most pleasant spot, a very earthly paradise, only for its leeches, ticks, and mosquitoes."

"In paroxysms of terror and patriotic zeal, Parliament would vote a large sum of money for explosives, so as to have ready stored on the ground sufficient energy to give his autocratic majesty of Russia a right good welcome. Between these periodic fits, in time of flood, fright and terror would seize the authorities, lest an undesired explosion should occur. Then would come the usual small rounds of excitement, no end of telegrams, Courier dispatches, endless red tapeisms, and the engagement of the services of experts to destroy the villainous compound with the greatest expedition and least possible damage."

"Rather calculated to frighten the citizens," suggested Mr. West.

"So it did," I continued. "On one occasion a quantity of dynamite had become dangerous through leakage. Professional skill had to be dearly bought, to risk the shifting the now dangerous explosive to a spot where it could with safety be fired."

"Whether it was for mischief, or whether ignorance had anything to do in the matter, one day the citizens of Brisbane were almost terrorised by the detonating thunders, which in repeated shocks were made to roll over the unhappy city. Some imagined that volcanic action and earthquake shakings were threatening their homes. Many began to pray, as they really believed the end of the world was thus heralded."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. West, "the authorities had received a cypher message that the Russians were coming, and so made a great noise to scare them away before they got here."

"And I suppose the Russians never came after all," sneered Mr. West.

"I rather fancy," I said "that they had plenty to do to look after themselves and the Czar's winter palace. If they really did need adventure, go'den dreams of an Afghan-Indian Empire had already far greater attractions for them than the amusement of hunting a few Australian Kangaroos."

"How," asked Mrs. West, "was the settlement here at last destroyed?"

"In the civil war," I answered. "It was a cruel risk to allow so many women and children to live under the shadow of an explosive, which might fire at any moment. After the battle of Lytton, one of the enemy's ships, as she sailed up the river, threw a shell into the Dynamite Magazine, and every living creature on the spot perished."

"Then," said Mr. West, "we must have passed Lytton, the scene of the battle."

"Yes," I stated, "it is lower down, but I failed to notice it as we came past. It is so overgrown with timber."

We now leisurely sailed up the river, anxiously keeping a sharp look out for any sign of the olden time city ruins.





## CHAPTER II.

## ADVENTURE AND REMINISCENCES.

“WHAT a beautiful bird,” said Mrs. West, pointing to a tall white bird on a tree on the right bank.

“Yes,” I replied, “that is the white plumed crane. Its coronet of feathers is especially delicate, and gracefully lays back over the neck when at rest.”

As we ascended the river, we noticed patches of an old road. This road had in the first place been constructed by convict labour. It was formerly a highway, and formed a pleasant drive, leading from Brisbane to a public house called the Hamilton. Here, in early times, the citizens drove out on Sundays for amusement. A small village gradually developed near the public house.

We noticed that the old metal-road had fallen away in places where it approximated the river. In other parts the steep rocky banks, carefully hewn, by hard wrought convict toils, had given way and fallen down.

Near this place there had been a racecourse.

The races on week days, and the drinking and card playing on Sundays, did much to lower the moral tone of the colonists. The sabbath was sadly desecrated in Queensland.

In these days and fashions, a boy was hardly reckoned a youth until he could smoke his cigarette; a youth was scarcely considered a man until he could do his cigar, drink his beers, put a pound in a sweepstake, and a fiver on the turf. In fact in those days, racing, and the accompanying legalised pocket-picking were so in the fashionable ascendant, that a man was taunted and discarded as a goody goody, unless he sacrificed his manhood on this disreputable shrine.

A newspaper editor or press-man, in those days, was thought little of, unless he could throw off two or three columns of horsey yarn in the newspapers. He then took rank with the able war correspondent, or graphic prize fight painter.

The Hamilton Road, on a Sunday, in those days, often presented more the appearance of a busy fair-day, than of the quiet country Sabbath calm.

In the early days, tradition hints that the Hon. Reginald Adolphus Ferdinand Augustus Vincent, twenty-second cousin of the Duke of Abranton, and member of the Legislative Council of Queensland, happened to visit Hamilton, one Sunday, with Sir George Ashford, premier of the colony.

Their object of meeting was to talk over the political situation. A general election was at hand. Sir George felt he was becoming unpopular.

After discussing the situation, and laying down a new programme, intended to fascinate the people and save the party to office, Sir George heaved a deep inspiration and complained of feeling terribly thirsty. The Hon. Vincent said that he felt the same appetite, which feeling proved to him that the citizens should not be deprived of the opportunity of replenishing their spirits, even on the Sunday, when absent from home on business or pleasure.

Sir George immediately seized on the idea, and vowed that he would give the matter no rest until a bill was brought into the Legislature which would allow liquors to be sold on Sundays, licensed as "refreshments to travellers."

Alas ! Alas ! too well the deed was done.

Where are those pioneer travellers to-day ?

They have travelled with other travellers to that long home, whither those who reach never return. Many in the license sought the unclean spirits, and the spirits triumphantly bore them away. Others took the beer and the bier took them.

It was sad to look over the landscape of what must once have been a most beautiful suburb. The river was placid and calm as ever. It was slowly rolling at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  knots an hour. The fish were jumping, just as fish were wont to do in the years gone by. But where was man ? There was not



even a Chinaman to be seen. Yet here the Chinamen in early days had established a kind of rendezvous, where they were accustomed to meet, and wait with their carts for the boat loads of fish brought up by their countrymen from the Bay.

What delicious tasted schnapper there used to be in the Bay! Sunday was voted to them for a day of rest—but the rest was final. In fact as Paddy declared, "it was a bliss-fool ar-rest."

"But why should the schnapper colonies have suffered ar-rest on Sundays?" asked Mrs. West.

"Because," I replied, "the Governments who fostered schnapper fishing elected Sundays to square accounts with all fawning political lap dogs."

"Even little doggies in those days were too wise to bow-wow for nothing. Hence to keep the kennels true to their own interests, the Ministry in power were accustomed to write out an order for a Government steamer to take the dogs on board for an outing and a blow in the Bay on the day of rest. When in the schnapper grounds, the keen scent of the animals provoked them to the trail. All expenses were placed by the Treasurer to current accounts."

"But," said Mr. West, "how about the Captain and seamen of the Government steamer? They, I presume, had to go in charge of the vessel and of the kennels. Was no reward forthcoming for such extra services? Were they forced to work on Sundays?"

"These men," I replied, "were Government employees, and had to do as they were told: or if not pleased they could quit the service."

Suddenly Mrs. West paled. As we looked around for the cause, we saw a splendid Bengal tiger.

Mr. and Mrs. West, in their surprise, looked to me for an explanation.

"Well, that is a phenomenon," I replied, "there are some small tiger cats indigenous to the country, this is an Asiatic. By the bye, there was a little scene in Brisbane's early days, which may explain the presence of this royal savage here to-day. Some tigers were quartered as respectable citizens, in a house in ——— Street."

"One of these royal citizens went one day for a short walk. He recognised a well-nourished young man, and politely saluted him. Terror seized the citizens. As Mr. Summers rushed into his shop, and shut the door, he nearly knocked over his serving man, who was rushing out to see what was the matter. Man and wares were scattered in all directions."

"It was useless after this little episode to further preach Darwinism to the citizens. One and all demanded the expulsion of these noble primogenitors of man, and they had to go."

Just at this juncture, Mr. West threw a small torpedo at the beast, which, in bursting, effectually laid the brute in the dust.

"Had you any Zoological Gardens in Brisbane?" asked Mrs. West.

"Neither science nor art flourished in Brisbane, madam," I answered, "cash and bawbees, whisky and cigars, is a descriptive gauge of Brisbane's ruling aspirations. Public works might be developed, but only in the line of the bawbees. By selling a plot of land for a few score of pounds to the Hon. Philip Dubonter, the owners of adjacent pieces learned how to benefit themselves in a public railway. It was to the Honourable Member's interest to make the railway go through both houses, and to sell, as he did, the land for hundreds of pounds which had cost him only a trifle. But there was no trick in Zoological Gardens."

"In fact, as Sir Peter Warter remarked to a deputation which waited upon him, "as long as Government paid its teachers to shew the children pictures of tigers, and other great beasts, and paid inspectors to add dignity to the department, what more could they do? In an economic view, the education department taught the children the difference between poisonous and harmless snakes. They likewise adorned the schools with pictures of insectivorous and frugivorous birds. Some of their inspectors were talking botanists. They had done more than their duty. They would have to retrench. The vermin exterminator man must be wiped out. The poison plant man must be dismissed. Any man of scientific knowledge or original research must be cut down, or so insulted as to shut him up



for ever. The Ministry did not want any men better than themselves. They could not conscientiously take £1000 a year (here the minister smiled), and only give great scholars or scientists a paltry two or three hundred sovereigns. Besides, they did intend to retain the services of three or four gentlemen who could do no harm by their knowledge. These for a few shillings weekly could do the work, and for ornament these might assist in keeping people's tongues still. What was science to them? curse science."

"But," replied Mr. Jacobs, M.L.A., who had introduced the deputation, "We have not even a stuffed lion, tiger, elephant or rhinoceros in the Museum."

"We have something better, and not calculated to frighten the children," chuckled the minister, "we have two stuffed tiger cubs."

"Is that the pair," asked Professor Astophalt, "which the Hon. the Minister, a predecessor in this office, had cooked and dished at a political dinner, so, as he said, that nothing be lost."

"The very same," replied Sir. Peter, "and I opposed the item of stuffing, on the ground of expenses. I considered that the Museum already harboured too much vermin."

"The deputation hastily withdrew."

In sailing up the river we passed various mud flats.

"Quite unavailable, such low flats for a city," queried Mrs. West.

"Just the pieces," I replied "which unprincipled land agents advertised for sale in dry summers (beautiful sixteen perch allotments for sale, high and dry, for a small sum down, and a small sum monthly, without interest.) It is needless to say, madam, that many citizens met with untimely death in these bacteria miasmata breeding grounds. It was selfishness and sin, cool-headed-cold-blooded murder."

As we sailed along most pleasantly, I thought I recognised an old land mark. The shores were low and in many places swampy. A flock of sand-pipers were taking short flights from point to point, as our presence afresh disturbed them. A number of black duck and teal sported near the water's edge.

White spoonbills, white ibises, egrets and wild geese had again taken possession of those low lying tree flats which man once claimed and had actually begun to reclaim.

Suddenly at this juncture Mrs. West sighted a man on horseback. He evidently had seen us, for he immediately came on toward us at a sharp canter.

After formal greetings Mr. West interrogated. "I was not aware that we should have the pleasure of discovering any inhabitants in these parts."

"I am afraid," answered the gentleman, "that that pleasure will be restricted. My brother and I are the only two persons living in this immediate neighbourhood. We have just been granted the district of ancient Brisbane for a cattle run. May I ask, are you on a pleasure tour?"

"Yes," replied Mr. West, "we are anxious to visit the ruins of Brisbane. Could you assist us in any way?"

"I shall be most happy," replied the horseman, "to do all that lies in my power. You are now opposite to what were suburbs of Brisbane, New Farm on the north shore, and Kangaroo Point on the south shore. New Farm was once a fashionable quarter where dwelt many of the early wealthy magnates of the city. If these families had done their duty, Brisbane would not now have been in ruins."

"You must have had a long journey. You had better make my house your head quarters. You will have to sail round Kangaroo Point, and along by what was South Brisbane, to the bend of the river, where the old Botanical Gardens occupied the north side. I will in the meantime, ride home, and fetch horses and meet you in the bend. You will easily find the place, as we have extemporised a rough landing stage. I am, however, taking it for granted that the lady can ride, as we have no carriage, and carriages would not be of much service in this wild and timbered country."

Mrs. West stated that she had been an equestrian from her earliest childhood.

The stranger in inviting us to his house apologised that his homestead was as yet a primitive humpy, rough and weather-board fashion. But he would be most happy to entertain us for a few days, and he would do his best to make the lady comfortable.



Mrs. West protested that she was as well able as any of the gentlemen to rough it, and she was sure she should thoroughly enjoy a spell of bush life.

We then took to our boats, while the horseman rode away across country to prepare for our reception.

As we rounded Kangaroo Point, I mechanically put my hands up to my ears.

Mrs. West asked me "what was the matter."

I smiled and assured the lady that I had forgotten myself for the moment, and had slipped back into the nineteenth century, "I was imagining I heard the whistle of the old river steamer, the Beaver."

"But," asked Mr. West, "was there anything very extraordinary in hearing the whistle of a steamer? If, as you say, Brisbane was a port of some pretensions. In New York we are so accustomed to these noises, that we do not notice them."

"Yes," I answered, "so I presume. But in the Beaver story lies a history. If I am informed correctly, the incident occurred at the time of the Russian war scare. Sir Philip Vanwinkle was a very nervous man. He had considerable influence in his commanding wealth with the Government. He was rough, coarse, disagreeable and imperious. He had arrived in the early days, and managed to register as his own several sheep runs. Astute, grasping, perurious, with wealth the one object of life, and with times and seasons favouring, Mr. Vanwinkle became a millionaire. Governments had had to knuckle under and humour the old man, when his assistance demanded; and eventually, some said by a fluke, but others kept silent, old Phil, as he was called, became Sir Philip Vanwinkle!"

"In common with the citizens generally, Sir Philip, who was staying at the Stag and Bull Hotel, trembled in his boots for his valuable properties. He further remembered in an English history, which he had lately read, to have learned the fact that when foreigners conquered England the conquerors seized the lands, and beheaded the dukes and earls and knights. Sir Philip trembled for his lands and for his head. He rushed to the old Treasury rooms and asked an audience with the Premier. In this audience, in the midst of a volume of sharp edged oaths, he urged the



Minister to immediate and decisive action. His advice was acted upon, and a meeting of the Cabinet was called forth-with."

"The newspaper reporters were not allowed to be present at that Cabinet Council. Only Sir Philip was admitted, for the sake of his valuable advice."

"What transpired at that meeting was kept dark. Sufficient is it to say that a reward was offered to any captain or other person who should invent such an apparatus as would, by the power of steam make such a horrible whistle as was never before heard by man. It was felt that Brisbane would be the first point of Russian attack. Even the Cabinet trembled as they pourtrayed the Russians coming up their unprotected river, and unexpectedly pouncing upon the town banks. It was therefore decided to place a steamer to cruise at the mouth of the river and in the bay, so as to be ready to give word of warning on the first appearance of the foe."

"Patrick O'Whinsky heard of the proffered reward. His ears tingled. The most shrill noises in Pat's ears were domestic brawls. Whin the missus did belaber Pat, be faith her scrames were dridful! But, Pat as he read the announcement of the reward over again for the hundredth time noticed that the whistle must not only be shrill but loud. He whistled to himself, and faith the Parliament must huv asked for those horrible noises as frightened the varry wits oot of a filler at Tippoorary. Oi manes at Wommell's 'Nagerie—those lions and illiphants and that rhinnocherus filler."

"Pat, thus set a thinking, succeeded in inventing a machine which under the motor power of a steamer's flying off steam, combined all the terrible sounds which Pat had ever heard, both of the missis and the wild beasts dreamt about! This was adjusted in the Beaver."

"At night the steamer thus evolutioned, quietly steamed up the river. Suddenly, when men slept, she poured forth her infernal screams. The effect on the city was electric. The publicans thought the last trump was sounding, and jumping out of bed fell on their knees. Swearers thought all the infernal devils were being let loose. Women fainted, many went into fits. Sir Philip Vanwinkle had an

apoplectic seizure. People barred and bolted the doors of their houses, and shut themselves in against the enemy. All the city was in alarm."

"The reward proclaimed had led to better success than the most expectant member of the Government had even dreamed possible, for the Beaver's whistle became such a nuisance, that it had to be quietly relegated to oblivion."

By this time we had ascended the river to the point indicated. We saw our stranger friend waiting with horses.

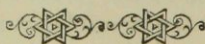
Having secured the boats, we were all soon well mounted, and started to our bachelor host's domicile.

He introduced himself as Mr. Greathead, a lineal descendant from a former minister of the Crown. By virtue of his ancestors' service to the State, he and his brother had been granted the district as a cattle run.

In a short half hour we arrived at his home.

The house was a primitive bush roost. The brothers gave us a hearty welcome. In a short space of time we were sitting to a very decent spread. There was damper cake, unleavened bread, a good roast of beef, black tea (no sugar), and some boiled nettles for vegetables.

We were all hungry, and whatever our thoughts, everyone did justice to our first bush meal supper, in the year two thousand.



## CHAPTER III.

## KILLING OFF BLACKFELLOW—WHITEFELLOW.

NEXT morning I awoke thoroughly refreshed in physical powers. My first impulse on waking was to observe my surroundings.

I had been sleeping on a make-shift shake-down. It was such an one, I imagined, as the pioneers of civilization might have used two centuries before. My bedroom or ground floor garret measured eight feet by five. I could touch the ceiling with my hand, as I stood upright. The floor was mother-earth, well hardened down.

The walls of the house were made of split lengths of small trees. The partitions were of rough weatherboards, the roof was covered with strips of bark.

Poor as was the accommodation, so genial was the hospitality, so balmy and bracing the air, and so healthily tired was I with my yesterday's adventures, I overslept myself.

There was no window to my room. Sufficient light streamed in between the boards, and through holes in the roof. Hearing the company about, I jumped up from my shake-down, and essayed to hurry.

I was delighted to find a bucket of water and a towel, placed just inside my door. On an apology for a table was a small piece of looking-glass.

I thoroughly enjoyed a primitive-styled bath. The bucket was large enough to allow me to bath one leg at a time. By aid of inventive hand-craft, I fairly well refreshed my body with the beautiful cold water.

On arriving at the dining room, I found breakfast ready. I apologised for keeping the company waiting, but explained that I had overslept myself.



Mr. Greathead excused me, stating the time was only five minutes past seven. He hoped I had slept well.

I replied, "I never slept better. What beautiful surroundings you have. The atmosphere is so stimulating and bracing. You seem to inhale life with every breath. I should judge a doctor would have a very poor show here, of course, allowing population."

"Many years ago," Mr. Greathead interjected, "A medico did set up here. He was most eccentric and versatile. No doubt he had brains, but was sadly too cognizant of the fact. He wanted rapidly to get rich. He therefore dabbled in many dabbles. He made money and lost often faster than he made it. He had a slippery oily tongue and such gentle manners. His diagnoses were given in whispers. He agreed with temperance people that alcohol was an evil and unnecessary, nevertheless he ordered it heavily for those who liked it. This wonderful person was now a chemist, now a gardener, now a nurseryman, now a butcher. His extracts were the burden of every market. Prosperous times favoured wealth. An accident occurred ten miles away. The farmer who came for the doctor had to guarantee the ten pound fee before that gentleman would budge an inch. Yet when anyone worked for the doctor the boot was on the other leg."

"Fees came in thick and fast, yet not fast enough for the doctor. An idea suggested. As a consequence, a country public house was inaugurated. A license was easily obtained, and Sunday Tea Gardens advertised as a draw to young people."

"As lands accumulated and houses multiplied, the doctor began to study appearances. Further, his friends for the Wakon asked him to stand for Parliament. Then his friend, the Premier, who often shared his whisky, was anxious to secure his talents in the Upper House."

"After due consideration, the doctor sold out, bought an M.D. and set up thenceforth as a specialist and general consultant."

"The Australias must have experienced rough times in those early days," suggested Mr. West.

"Yes," agreed Mr. Greathead, "The narrow winding bullock track streets of Sydney were in keeping with her convict policy."

"Those days scarcely reflect glory on old England," added Mr. West. "Her policy was autocratic selfishness. Money ruled. Baronial honors swayed. Every effort of the people to progressive manhood was violently assassinated. Blood flowed freely in and round her prisons. Thousands were expatriated who were caught in the meshes of the law. Government hoped to banish all whom the ruling powers beheld with an evil eye. The titled families claimed fealty and reward at the hand of the sovereign whose rule and will they upheld. Gold lace and plumed hats in army and navy needed service and appointments to exhibit their decorations. The blue-blood families demanded position and power for their younger sons in lands beyond the seas."

"Vice-regal honours gave a license to persecute, and a power to kill, unworthy England's name and glory, in England's distant colonies. Libertinous spendthrifts, and weak-brained well-born younger sons, exalted to place and power for the sake of family, or for the preference of their room to their company, were more pompous than the King himself. These men ruled the convict settlements with an iron hand."

"As witnessed by Marcus Clark," said Mr. Greathead.

"As testified by the rivers of blood shed, of both black and white men," continued Mr. West, "Australia was stained with human blood. She groaned beneath a load of cruelty. She writhed beneath the brutality of small-brained monsters. She cried to heaven for vengeance. England's motherdom to her early colonists was not glorious."

"Did they coolly murder in cold blood," asked Mrs. West.

"They acted legally," satired her husband, "or they declared in the blue book reports that law and order were maintained."

"Dead men tell no tales," said Mr. Greathead.

"Sometimes they leave an imperishable record," continued Mr. West. "The Yankees left a record engraven in blood. They would not submit to Britain's legal reminders. They returned kick for kick, blow for blow, iron for iron,



prod for prod. Britain had to fight for prestige, and she lost America."

"The Australian Colonies were younger and more feeble. The hangmen and their higher fraternity patrons were able to hold the convicts sent from home in the cold irons of the law. The handcuffs and leg-iron legal persuaders eat into the tender flesh."

"Military rule swayed by terror Spirited men and women were driven to rebellion. The prisoners were treated most unrighteously. Men fared worse than the sportsman's dogs. Kick a man when he is down was the unwritten law. That was not enough for petty chieftom knaves. Remember, said the youngest son of Sir Robert Montefordom, I am the King's representative. And so these puny carnivores continued insulting and annoying the prey whom they delighted to kick, often to ignominy or to death."

"Shame! Shame!" cried Mrs. West.

"Yet," added Mr. Greathead, "oppressors and oppressed were members, people of one nation, and she the greatest nation under heaven. Many prisoners died broken hearted. Many rusted to death in the heavy corroding irons. Numbers rotted to decay from filth and pestilential fevers. Some were mercifully mercilessly shot in a fit of the tyrant's rage for insubordination."

"Servile cunning and sneaking treachery filled the place in the half demented prisoners, as all hope and manly traits of character were being driven out."

"How horrible and pitiful," cried Mrs. West.

"That is not all," proceeded the narrator. "It takes a multitude of fibs to cover one lie. Thus, unprincipled tyrants found it imperative to stave off anarchy and revolution, to adopt more severe measures."

"The 93rd. of the King's own, and the 44th. Dorchester Cavalry, could do more to establish the fads of the commandant than all the blue-books in creation."

"The army needed practice. To save ammunition the soldiers must be trained marksmen. An opportunity for practice afforded."

"The aboriginal blacks from time to time had resented the soldiers and ticket-of-leave-mens' quiet and impudent



theft of their wives and daughters. These whites seized the black Gins or Janes. The blacks retaliated by taking the white men's cattle or sheep."

"These irregularities were reported to head quarters in an official one sided manner. In this excuse under the pretext of maintaining law and order, large numbers of blacks were shot off in so called self-defence."

"A few white settlers were in revenge speared. This made matters worse. Aboriginal tribes quickly disappeared in the soldiers' success to straight mark and dead level. Where no excuse for shooting obtained, alcoholic drinks, drugged with tobacco and opium, adulterated beer, arsenic and other poisons were used. The flour given to these Children of Nature was poisoned, and even some lowest type wretches stooped to poison the blacks drinking wells."

"In these various ways, the native races faded as a leaf before the march of civilization. Just probably in the like manner as primitive man disappeared in Britain and America."

"Yet these engines of destruction were too slow for nineteenth century gentry. In diabolical snake like stealth, lewd whites went as friendly pioneers into the camps of these unsuspecting people. Such carried everywhere in their train disease and death."

"In addition to these evils, black youths were taken and trained as native police. They were then employed to track and kill off the wild blacks of other tribes. The Moreton Bay blacks were estimated in the early pioneer times to be one thousand strong. These as a spirit cloud passed away before a military penal population."

"England's garments," sighed Mrs. West "have been dyed in blood."

"They have been saturated," added her husband, "Honour, position, wealth and power were the prizes to be gained by those who successfully swam to the further shore of this sea of blood. The nation struggled into consolidated independance through the shed blood of centuries. Her sons fell in striving to shed blood, and called it duty. Kings and princes held high their heads or bowed their necks in blood. Dukes and lords rose into prowess through

wading in human gore. The most reckless butchers of old became the founders of houses of wealth and rank. The land was portioned out into family entailed estates in fee for blood."

"Selfishness in hideous scare flowed apace in ever newly spilt blood. In these small beginnings, England arose to be the mightiest nation on the face of the earth. Such was her bringing up that in the height of her reign in heredity she felt compelled to demean herself by assassinating helpless aborigines, North American Indians, and Matabele Africans."

"Alas, alas, to the end, she simply gloried in that majestic bravery, which, while accepting a heathen tribe's challenge to fight, led her chivalrous sons to literally mow down their naked savages with the Maxim repeating gun, only at a safe distance from the natives or harm's way."

"Oh England, thou hast shed the blood of every nation under heaven, and still thou bleedest and art bleeding others in the vaunted interests of peace. Thou most protestant professed follower of the Divine Man of Peace. Did ever nation so long and so greedily hold the sword and delight to shed human blood as thou hast done? Thou hast surely been the David of the Almighty. In thy bloody sword blade the survival of the fittest has been effected. Take heed, lest in destroying others, thou repent of thine own shortcomings, lest thou also be destroyed."

"It was from such a mother," said Mr. Greathead, "that in struggles for existence, the Australian colonies were born. Was it any wonder if the children inherited many weaknesses in heredity. *Everyone for himself*, was the teaching which pulpit, platform, and press imparted to England's pioneer colonists."

"In those days England held her subjects as she held her cattle, or her other goods and chattels. In her military rule over the convict colonies, convicts were assigned to settlers. Grants of land were made in reward of political, military, naval or other state service. Thus families were being founded with landed possessions, as in the fatherland."

"They were supplied with labour at the hands of those who had been unfortunate to fall into the trammels of the law. It mattered not how delicately these unfortunates, down on



their luck, as the saying went, had been trained. As slaves to all intents and purposes, they had to risk a good home or a bad one, a genial occupation or a loathsome one. Crimes of all kinds were common."

"But it were heartrending to raise the curtain. Let it fall over the past, awaiting righteousness and judgment."

"In the course of time the violence of the military and penal system appealed to humanity. Even selfishness blushed and sought to veil her face. Public opinion demanded reform. Reforms followed."

"Prisoners were no longer exported beyond the seas. The Australias were created free colonies. Military despotism was exchanged for a civic police department."

"Yet," said Mr. West, "this, though not a jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, was an exchange from burning to scalding. The police system had its weaknesses. These civic troopers held to their prisoners with hungry grasp. They were like the greyhound after the hare, ever eager for the chase, ever waiting to crush out the hunted life. Their policy was wrong. They had not brains enough to discern that criminals may only be successfully dealt with in two manners, by taming into their right mind, or by killing. The military had conquered by killing. The police dared not kill. They were not wise enough to cure mental moral disease by kindness."

"Persecution alone was left in the police code policy."

"It was possible by vigilant watch to tease the existence out of the marked criminal. A prisoner could be hunted and hounded, from prison to prison, until effectually branded as an outcast."

"Why were England's officials so cruel?" asked Mrs. West.

"The old heredity craving for power, and for blood," replied her husband. "The spirit of despotic supremacy, inherited from ancient Rome. Class prejudice against class. Militarism in its attenuated starved latest buddings. Selfishness infernal."

"To wit the Queensland police," said Mr. Greathead. "As a body, and with very few exceptions, these were a small brained, big boned, lazy ennui, well developed corporation. In their official capacity, beer and cash too often



loopholed the law. Magistrates were ever complaining of being legally forced to injustice on technical points caused by omissions or additions in the wording of summonses, official documents, &c."

"But Michael O'Pat knew a thrick or two. The sergeant and his senior officer might be seen on a Monday morning in the back private parlour of the Black Greyhound, smacking their lips and stroking their moustachios after a tasty lunch, and the jovial glass in mine host's good favour."

"The same gentry would pleasingly smile when asked why certain publicans were not proceeded against for Sunday trading. Twenty four drinkers came out of the Fox and Goose Hotel, in twenty four minutes, just before church time. The police power in Queensland was mighty and ugly and dangerous to Society. The force could free paying offenders. But they held the fallen and the unfortunate and the poor in a very bond of terror to their own purposes and will. As trooper McGrusky said: 'It does not do to be too particular. The climate is too hot for the perlice to be after undertaking heavy dooties.' The men could not be kept in such splendid physical condition if eternally worried as the brothers King. Magistrates are unpaid and could not be expected to give more of their valuable time. Lawyers d'ont care to do too much for their money. Taking things quiet-like, we seeks to keep the peace. A man who would enforce the law makes enemies of the brewers, publicans, magistrates and the force itself. Who can withstand such a force? And it pays best to be pleasant. Senior Constable Jaffinter, already owns half a dozen houses, but then he is a kindly nature, and often helps a gentleman home of a night. Pays better than hot stifling court and magistrates growling and lawers bullying you next day. Au revoir."

"I believe, asked Mrs. West, it was a sight worth seeing to watch a couple of these estimable officers slowly and in martial footstep parade their beat. Without coat tails for prisoners to tear off, with rolls of well developed muscle and rolls of fat, their walk was the select roll which none could become perfect in excepting the police. What a pity that the education and surroundings should have led such fine men to exist simply for the purpose of confirming and

hardening criminals. If it were not for the fearful issues, involved the police system would have been a comical joke. Four men came up from Sydney to Brisbane, in the coastal steamers without paying their fare. They had no money. Brought up to the court, they were ordered to pay the fare, and thirty shillings fine, in default seven days imprisonment. Thus the men who were had up, got a free passage, free meals on board the vessel, and their board and lodging free for another seven days."

"What was this treatment, laying aside the absurdity of the joke to restore falling manhood, to lift them out of the mire of sinking depravity, to teach that higher moral code, the true equality and nobility of men in the fatherhood of God?"

"It seems to me," continued the lady, "that mankind all belong to one great family. Humanity is one vast whole. Wound any part and the whole body must bleed. For every individual out of work the community are poorer. Violence directed against any single point agitates the whole."

"Strike the earth and the vibrations pass through the globe out to the other side. Throw a pebble in to the ocean and the eddies in increasing circuit, influence that ocean's further shore. These are physical facts beyond man's power of interference."

"So it is likewise in the great human family. The rich can withhold, but it is to poverty, sorrow and death. Governing officials can tyrannise; they create a rod for their own backs. Labour may dictate, but pride only hastens its own fall. Capitalists may strike, to punish the working men, but they weaken society and cripple their own resources. The law may wreak vengeance on its offenders, but the violence produces wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores, infectious malaria, and noxious epidemics. The police and law expenses of the nations under the Roman despotic administration ran those nations into millions of money debt, and this was the least expensive issue."

"Further," added Mr. West, "the laws of nature hold good in simile in social human affairs. All the forces of heat, electricity, atmospheric pressure, light, magnetism, &c., bear their part in securing an equilibrium in nature. All excesses, all deficiencies tell. Until in the end the oppressive atmosphere is relieved by the thunderstorm."



"All the synclinals and anticlinals of barometric atmospheric pressure, built up the little by little, burst forth into a harmony of freshness and beauty, by medium of the howling hurricane and furious tempest."

"Sunshine follows every storm. A calm succeeds every tempest."

"So it is in Society. Every wrong wrought against individual, or against class, or people, registers itself until the barometric pressure forces the cyclone. Every political violence accumulates the density of the social atmosphere, until it bursts in the tempestuous revolution. Disorders force the hands of anarchy, bloodshed and war. Commercial dishonesty registers to commercial panic, and financial crash. Every wrong in the great world is self registering. Every wrong must be righted."

"And," said Mrs. West, "criminals were never systematically reclaimed, until the despised Salvation Army became the scavengers of society. These taught mankind the God-like lesson, how to lift culprits up from moral fall."

"These demonstrated that while cruel vengeance demoralizes offenders into perfect furies, and into fiends dangerous to society, yet the flames of love bring new life, the life of heaven, the divine life into the most fallen sons and daughters of Adam."

"These true ministers worked in the colonies' prisons, and rescued hundreds who were given up for lost."

"The Government of Victoria acknowledged the fact, and bowed their will to the knowledge. Sooner or later all the Australias had to work on the same lines. Until in this line of policy, an all round exercise of like tactics made selfishness recede further and further back. The churches woke up to duty. And in this year 2000, the police force in Australia is extinct."





## CHAPTER IV.

## THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINALS.

**A**FTER breakfast, I elected to take a stroll with Mr. Greathead.

It had been arranged for the party to dine at noon, and after dinner to take a ride to a gentle elevation, which commanded a splendid view of what once was the site of the city.

The situation of Mr. Greathead's residence was on the slope of a beautiful ravine. Ferns and lycopods and tree orchids had turned Nature in this spot into a sub tropical fairy dell. Large patches of staghorn fern graced the stems and branches of the giant forest trees. Vines of various kinds stretched from limb to limb in most fantastic interlacing.

A brook ran bubbling along the bottom of the ravine. My surprise was great to find in one spot a bed of English watercress. In a pool near by were a mixed profusion of yellow and white water lilies. These looked very pretty among their large floating shining flat green leaves. Beautiful light blue dragonflies flitted in playful sport. Large brimstone butterflies, and cream swallow-tailed butterflies kept guard each over its own domain.

A number of fruit trees were scattered here and there, evidently seedlings from older trees.

Our hosts had named this lovely spot the "Fairy Dell." I asked Mr. Greathead if there were any blacks remaining in the country.

"They all disappeared long ago," replied that gentleman, "from these parts. A few, I believe, are still to be found in the far North. A tale is told of my great great grandfather. As he drove one day to a Cabinet Meeting,

he saw a number of black fellows drinking spirits. As a Minister of the Crown, he ought to have instituted an action against the publican, who was supplying these poor creatures with drink (it being against the law to give the aboriginals alcoholic drinks). Instead of doing his duty he sympathised with his own fallen nature."

"Whisky was the Minister's weakness. It was his favourite potation. And if tradition be true he grew fat and apoplectic on its imbibings."

"As the narcotic warmed his brain his carnal heart warmed to the blacks. In parliamentary fashion he argued, what right have I to break the golden rule? 'do to others as you would they should do unto you.' I should take it hard, and certainly should resist the insult, if any man sought to deprive me of my *comfort*. I am well aware that the drink is killing off these niggers. But in that fact I see the solution of a grave political difficulty. Officially I have to make and administer laws. But thank goodness, though pressed to this irksome duty, for the sake of appearances, we use a political sausage machine. In this ruse all the laws are served out as mince meat and thus are easily manipulated."

"The laws instituted for the so-called protection of the aboriginals, against the ravages of alcohol, do not compel me to keep my eyes open as I go along the streets."

"Alcohol given to the blacks carries with it their death warrant. A most pleasant death, I consider is alcoholism. His Grace, the Duke of Clarence was content to die in a butt of malmesey. Whisky and gin are far more pleasant than a light wine. Alcohol, especially flavoured with tobacco,, and a free use of opiates will save us much expense and complicated political troubles."

"And," I answered, "your noble ancestor was a type minister of the crown."

"Precisely so," replied Mr. Greathead. "The honourable and learned member of the House was chosen and placed in office to carry out the policy of the country. That policy was 'Australia for the White Man.'"

"Query the Squatter or the Labour Party," I asked.

"In the year 18—," continued Mr. Greathead "a case is recorded of a sea captain, who was chartered to take his



vessel up a certain Northern river to bring down a cargo of bullocks for the Southern market."

"The captain found the river, and sailed up as far as he could with safety! He saw no sign of station or bullocks. He brought his vessel to anchor and went on shore."

"After walking about for a short time, he noticed a tree, on the trunk of which letters were cut out. He was thus satisfied that he had found the place to which he was commissioned."

"Next morning a gentleman, quaintly dressed, armed to the teeth, with a seventeen repeater Winchester rifle, and with revolvers stuck in his belt, appeared on the scene. Some blacks accompanied him. He proved to be the squatter who had the bullocks for shipment."

"Good morning," said the captain, "Is your name Sheone?"

"That, sir, is my name," replied the stranger, "I presume you have come for a cargo of bullocks? I had them here last week, but as no vessel arrived, I had them all sent back again."

"Cannot you get them? I must be off again to-morrow," queried the captain.

"I cannot possibly have them here by to-morrow. The station is one hundred and fifty miles away, and I cannot say how far they may have gone back," said the startled squatter. "I see no chance of getting them back under a week."

"Eventually for a money consideration, the captain agreed to wait a few days longer. At the same time he was fortunately able to provision the squatter's party, who were on short commons."

"Mr. Sheone sent a man to instruct his servants to bring the cattle back with all possible haste."

"In due time the mob arrived. They were herded near the river bank, previously to being put on board on the morrow."

"The Captain felt a premonition of evil. He stated his fears to Mr. Sheone,—the mob of cattle might be a temptation to the blacks."

"The Squatter laughed at the possible idea of such a thing, and twitted the Captain on his pluck." "For my



part," said the Squatter. "I am not in the least bit afraid. The blacks of this country know me well enough, and fear me too much, to come prowling around our camp. The parties separated for the night."

"The Captain slept in his cabin. The squatter's party assembled in their temporised encampment."

"As he lay in his bunk, the worthy mariner felt half ashamed of his superstitious premonition."

"In this frame of mind he dropped off to sleep. Sleeping he dreamed. He thought he saw a dark savage looking black fellow. This black man was carrying several spears. A number of gins (black women), and others, accompanied him. The party appeared to steal quietly round among the cattle, and eventually to succeed in driving some away."

"In the morning, on mustering the cattle, ten were found to be missing. The tracks of the missing beasts shewed their flight to have been accompanied by a number of drivers."

"The squatter's party started after the vagrants on horseback. All were well armed. Billy the tracker with gun and rifle was well to the fore. The captain accompanied."

"After galloping for some miles, the horsemen came up with the fugitive cattle and black people. They were just on the outskirts of a bush, where it would have been impossible to have followed the cattle."

"The hunters attacked and soon annihilated the blacks, women and all. Billy shot down the dark looking man with the spears whom the captain had seen in his dream."

"The Captain was appalled. As he said, in relating the narrative, he had not the heart to shoot poor naked helpless blacks. He could not boast of his own code of morals. It was a rough seafaring mixture of cuffs and curses. But to shoot down naked fleeing aborigines, even if they had taken a few bullocks, was too cowardly a thing to do in his creed."

"Your narrative," I replied, "is in keeping with the policy of the early colonist and feeble-kneed Governments. In Northern Queensland many young fellows were wont to

spend Sundays in hunting expeditions. With the favourite seventeen repeating Winchester rifle, they essayed to shoot black fellows, cassowaries and crocodiles."

"A gentleman staying at an hotel, nearly stumbled over what appeared to be a big dog, curled round on the door mat outside the back door. It was a young black woman. She was about 17 years of age. She had had one child which had died. The tribe to which she belonged, in retaliation for wrongs inflicted by the whites had surprised and murdered a selector."

"The colonists formed an expedition, and by the help of black trackers, had succeeded in following up and exterminating the party of seventeen, whom they branded as guilty. Two of the gins, or black women, were spared."

"The young woman, whom the traveller almost stumbled over was one of the pair. She was general servant at the hotel, and was allowed to curl herself up on a mat on the doorstep outside the hotel at night as any ordinary dog."

At this point our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of a stranger. Mr. Greathead introduced me to Minister Wilkinson.

"We were just talking," said Mr. Greathead, "of the aboriginal blacks of Australia."

"Alas," said the Minister, "the blood of the black races cursed the heredity of Australia. Australia was not heralded into civilization by Puritan fathers like those led by William Penn and others to the continent of America."

"I am afraid," said Mr. Greathead, "that the early squatters, who took up sheep or cattle runs, in the temptation to selfishness, felt themselves to be created chieftains over the miles and miles of land they rented. In that policy they formed themselves into a strong political party. Their aim was to secure the rich acres of the country in perpetuity for themselves and heirs. All kinds of land acts were passed, favouring the squatters, and rarely permanently assisting the selector, at all events on equal terms."

"A war early commenced between squatters and selectors. The former sought to create the leased runs into purchased private estates. The latter and the country generally resisted such monopoly. Meanness often mildewed the selfishness. A squatter has been known to alter the



course of a rivulet, or to dam a backwater creek, so as to prevent the selector sharing the Creator's free and universal gift of water."

"Many of the early squatters had convict labour assigned to them. In difficulties of seasons, selfishness as often as other factors led masters and men into the struggle of labour disputes. The squatters, many of them hard pressed by the banks, sought the cheapest labour. This at times led to grave abuses."

"A track of country some 180 miles by 250 in the far West was occupied by squatters."

"A private letter was written by a man, who offered under protection to prove to one of the Supreme Court judges all that he asserted about the social relations in this territory. His lament was the old story again repeated. Squatters had gone forward as conquerers into the black-man's country. They had taken possession of the land. Reprisals arose between the whites and the dispossessed natives. War was not proclaimed. Practically each party looked upon the other as belligerents."

"The blacks resented because their country had been coolly seized without palaver and without recompence."

"In their judgment, as they were not strong enough to regain their country, they held that they had a right to share the white man's food effects."

"Deprived of their hunting grounds, they helped themselves to sheep and cattle as hunger dictated."

"The squatter party took life for life, one or more black men being killed for each raid made upon the cattle."

"One or two boundary riders were speared by the blacks in return."

"Reprisals went on, until the greater portion of the blacks were killed off, or exiled further from civilisation."

"As these squatters demoralised, drinking, swearing, and more evil vices took possession."

"Selfishness in its vilest forms degenerated the most depraved of these men. Cowards as they were, and unfit to be called men, they saw a selfish advantage in saving the black women, as they killed off the men."



"These were seized as prisoners, dressed in men's clothes, and initiated as boundary riders, to look after the stock."

"Many of the owners used them for more evil purpose."

"By thus substituting black woman labour for white labour," the writer affirmed, "only some 50 white working men, were to be found in this large belt of country."

"But surely," said Mr. Greathead, "complaints in the proper quarters would have quickly remedied this domestic slave-trade."

"So you would have thought," said the minister. "Complaints were made. The government wrote to their officials. These gentlemen, for reasons we need not mention, wrote back and denied the whole story, as most libellous, and nothing but invented lies."

"How ought the colonists to have compensated the blacks, for the loss of their country," asked Mr. Greathead."

"In various ways," said Minister Wilkinson. "As the country was taken up, the tribes accustomed to hunt thereon, should have been met, and a bargain struck for the advantage of each party."

"The native Australians used special localities as hunting grounds. The land was thus to them of a value commensurate with their daily food."

"Many tribes living near the lakes and rivers were skilled fishermen. Small animals of the chase, emu eggs, fish, reptiles, caterpillars, and other larva, fruits and roots constituted these primitive people's food."

"They never appear to have been a very numerous people. It would thus have been comparatively easy to have reserved tracts of the country for their unmolested possession."

"A large island, and well wooded, or an area round a lake, would have given profitable hunting grounds for these poor people."

"In this spirit of kindness, missions could have been established, as among the South Sea Islanders, with every certainty of success."

"The children were specially keen in calculation. They would mentally run out sums and more quickly and correctly than white children would work them out on a slate."

"The aborigines in Victoria and New South Wales, educated in the various mission schools, to higher Christian knowledge and duty, proved themselves in many instances, vastly superior to the lower class whites."

"There is a record," said Mr. Greathead, "of one Victorian aboriginal, who visited Brisbane, on a mission tour. He was speaking at a public meeting. Close to the building wherein he was speaking, was a switchback railway. Near by was a skating rink. Both of these amusements were then at the height of entertainment."

"The speaker was well dressed. He spoke fairly good English, and was by no means a low looking, shallow brained fellow."

"He had been greatly annoyed by the continual teasing of a low type white man. This man persisted in calling him a nigger, and in worrying him to drink. The poor black meekly asked him if he considered himself a gentleman, for if he did, how could he conduct himself so rudely to a stranger."

"As the aboriginal stood before the audience, he evidenced no fear. He betrayed no dignified importance, but he held himself as a man in conscious manhood."

"He stated that he was born in a hollow tree. He was a *black man*, but the black colour was only skin deep. It was the behaviour which constituted a man a gentleman. Many a white man's heart was blacker than a black man's skin. He had not had the advantages which the white people had had, but some time ago he went to the Mission Station."

"There he learned great truths, which he had never heard of, nor even thought about before. There he found that one man was of equal value as another in the sight of the One Great Father."

"The whites run down the blackfellows, but he thought the whites were as much in need of teachers as the blacks. Fancy the people over there (pointing to the buildings opposite) wasting their minds and money in going backward and forward on that switchback railway. Fancy them



spending hours and hours just careering about, and in and out, on the skating rink."

"Don't talk to us blackfellows any more."

"Our men play Cricket, and white people come to see us play; the visitors begin to drink, so we no more play cricket."

"I want to stay here, and go and teach the black fellows of Queensland, the good news which I have heard, the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ. Give the black fellows the gospel and it will make them true gentlemen."

"I want to live to do good, either to black men, or to white men; for I have learned that this is the way to bring true happiness."

"Dont give the poor blacks drink, and tobacco, and opium. These poisons will only kill them right off. You took our country, dont kill us with the poisons you have brought with you."

"Send teachers to all the tribes, send men who shall teach them the gospel of Jesus Christ, and teach them not to touch these poisons which are killing off our poor people so fast."

"Alas, the people who listened to the black man's prayers turned a deaf ear. They would not afford pecuniary assistance. The pleader had to return to his own people, chagrined, unsupported, dispirited, disappointed, abused."

"Were there no Christian missions to the Queensland blacks," asked Mr. Greathead."

"Only side issues and spasmodic efforts," replied the Minister.

"The policy was national,—'Australia for the whites—death to the niggers.'"

"Yet they spent large sums in training the men as police," continued Mr. Greathead.

"The system of training the young men as native police or black trackers," I answered, "was greatly abused."

"One or two tribes were camped peacefully near a certain town. The men were decoyed away, and under promise of speedy return, were sent for training to a distant part of the country."

"The gins, or black women, were led to believe that their husbands and sons would return in a few weeks."



"In the bond of that promise, they waited for more than a twelve month, on their camping ground, vainly hoping, expecting, desiring their lost one's to return, until they ceased to hope."

"Daily these helpless women would come into the town, and distribute themselves to the various houses as servants. They would do washing, household work and even cooking."

"They would get their food, and at the close of the day, would be paid as wages, a little bit of tea, sugar, bread, &c., and perhaps a bit of tobacco, to take home for themselves and children."

"Talk of American slavery," said Minister Wilkinson. "It is not always the irons which press most heavily. Neither is it always the lash which cuts most keenly."

"In the darkest times of American slavery, when fathers were sold and sent down South, even then the wives and children left behind would be well housed and fed. A starved horse does not pay to keep; and even American slaves were not started off into the bush at night-fall, with a few scraps, such as might be given to the dogs."

"The Queensland blacks were not sold. They were decoyed into possession, under the flag of peace. Women were so circumstanced, that they had to become casual domestic servants, to secure the necessities of life."

"I believe," said Mr. Greathead, "that many, even of the Australian aborigines, had a keen sense of honour, and of right and wrong while still in their wild state."

"Very much so," said the Minister, "A case in the far interior, in the Riverina, might have commended itself for the judgment—'I have not found such sublime honour, no not in Israel.'"

"A collector of birds eggs in the early days found a parrot's nest. It was in the hole of a gum tree. The tree was surrounded by water, the river having overflowed its banks in flood. An aboriginal wearing only a piece of a torn shirt was fishing close by. The collector took a shilling in his hand and pointing to the bole of the tree offered the man the money to go up and get the eggs."

"Strange to say, the man declined."

"Somewhat riled and fearful of losing his prize, this being a rare and local species, the collector sought by

entreaty and afterwards by satire to drive the man to climb up after the eggs. He called the poor fellow lazy and no good. He sought to shame him to action."

"Still the man refused to stir."

"After being goaded on for some time," the aboriginal replied with much warmth and temper, "Me no go up that tree. Me Obert of Ooston. Me go and fetch Sam. Sam go up."

"The collector partly perceived the man's meaning, and being astounded that a heathen black man should be honest, resolved to try him." So he answered "I give you lots of money if you go up, me no tell Sam. Sam no know. You go up and get eggs, and have such lot of moneish."

"The poor fellow's indignation was now so worked up, that he immediately rushed away. After a short time, he came back accompanied by a younger man, whom he introduced as Sam. Sam then looked at the tree, took his axe, and cut notches in the bark, and so climbed up by toes and fingers to the hole. He took the eggs, and returned safely to the collector, and gladly received the shilling."

"It appeared that Sam was the chief over the portion of the country where the nest was, and hence no other blacks had the right to take even bird's eggs from nests there located."

"Robert, or Bob of Euston, was chief of a district some eighty miles away, and by courtesy or agreement—whatever it may have been—was fishing in his neighbour's waters. On no account would he infringe his privilege even to steal a few wild bird's eggs."

"The blacks were really big grown children," said Mr. Greathead, "it was, I believe, most amusing in their wild state to witness some of their corroborories."

"They were accustomed to dance with a grace and action unattained by white people. Many of their dances were most exciting."

"They were artistic in their manufacture of spears, shields, nullah nullahs, and other weapons. The boomerang was a native weapon demonstrating great mathematical acumen. It was a flat blade carved out of a solid piece of wood angled in the middle in a wide obtuse angle. The grain turned in the angle as if bent, and could only be



obtained naturally from a peculiar growth of the tree. The skill with which they used these weapons was great. A well trained native would throw the weapon away in such a manner as to make it come back and strike with great force the object aimed at."

"I have heard," said Mr. Greathead, "of their childish warfare. An eye witness has given an account of a war waged between two tribes."

"He says a feud had existed for some time between the two tribes. The cause of quarrel was a most frivolous matter of slight. The bad feeling went on for months. At length a challenge was given and accepted. A day was fixed three moons away upon which it was arranged that the warriors should fight each other in the desultory warfare."

"For weeks previous to the date arranged, the tribal parties came to the field of battle. Here they exercised, but never interfered with each other."

"The day agreed upon, at length arrived. The gentleman who describes the incident was urged by his friends not to go, and needlessly expose himself to injury. Against all entreaties he went."

He says, "I found the two tribes drawn up on the hills facing a ravine. They were thus gathered opposite to and in sight of each other. They sheltered behind trees, or stood forth challenging at a safe distance from the enemy."

"After a time as the excitement increased a venturesome individual ran out from shelter, gesticulated before the enemy, made defiant demonstrations, and then ran back again to shelter.

"To this challenge others ran out, threw a spear, and again retired. Others again threw their boomerangs at the exposed enemy. Their watchful agility was most marvellous. One youth about eighteen or nineteen years of age was conspicuous by the position he took. Coming out from his fellows he advanced nearer to the foe. As he stood offering defiance, some half dozen or more spears and weapons came true to their aim towards his body. He calmly waited, but at the right moment sprung some five feet into the air, and as it were leapt clean through the cloud of weapons."

"Not one of them struck him."



"After some time spent in these guerilla like, yet timid gesticulations, the combatants in increasing excitement and eagerness for revenge, gradually seemed to forget their native fear."

"They began to come out of their hiding places. In parties of half a dozen to a dozen, they ran down into the ravine. In a few minutes close quarter fighting began, and soon became general."

"In this close quarter fight each man went for a singled out enemy, and attended to him alone."

"The attacker and the attacked one grasped hold of each other with one hand and arm. As each held the other in tight grip, he endeavoured to hit with his free hand as with a hammer against his opponent's naked body. In his hand he grasped pieces of iron or stone. With these he hacked away at the fleshy part of his antagonist's back, or against the ribs, as he gained opportunity."

"The pair exhibited a strange spectacle of two fools mauling away each other's flesh in a most unscientific butchering style"

"After a time when all felt that they had had their wack, and in growing tired had satisfied their irate craving for revenge, they drew off by common consent. They ceased at a given moment to further molest each other."

"The one signal which appeared to practically terminate the fight, was the death of one or two of the warriors from exhaustion. Blood was drawn. Life was sacrificed. Both sides had brought about these issues, and all were satisfied."

"It would have been difficult to declare which side gained any advantage. Neither sought nor claimed a definite victory. The blood shed and lives sacrificed, in the eyes of the combatants, wiped away the sin and its reprisals. Such an idea as conquest or victory never seemed to enter the heads of these simple minded childish heathen. They were like schoolboys, who after a good fight, shake hands and become better friends."

"Yet," I said, "these were the people whom all the early colonial Governments proved themselves incompetent to deal with."

## CHAPTER V.

## KANAKAS AND WHITE LABOUR.

AT the dinner table, the conversation turned upon the Kanaka labour question.

Mr. West asked Minister Wilkinson if he considered the old Queensland Kanaka importation a slave trade.

Mrs. West asked the meaning of the term Kanaka.

"The Kanakas," said the Minister, "were island blacks imported from the South Sea Islands into Queensland to be worked in the sugar industry."

"Were not white men competent to work," asked Mr. Greathead.

"Your questions, gentlemen," replied the Minister, "open up a very wide subject, social, political, and moral."

"In the early days of the industry, white men were the only workers. They worked for their food rations, and a weekly or monthly wage."

"Grievances arose. In the majority, perhaps, of the establishments, the employers or overseers sought to cut down expenses. This they largely effected by contracting for cheap food supplies. In such cutting down it too often happened that the food thus furnished was unfit for human consumption. Often it was badly cooked."

"The meanness elicited in this policy of selfishness was a disgrace to civilization. The workmen repeatedly complained, and at times openly rebelled. A bad feeling was thus created between employers and employed."

"Difficulties arose to render the position of the capitalists who invested in the industry more embarrassing. Land boomed. Good sugar land commanded an almost fictitious price. Most of those who speculated in the industry and who did so in the expectancy of an immediate fortune, knew practically little or nothing of the manufacture. These were thus at the mercy of engineers and managers, who frequently were woefully ignorant of the economic working of the business."

"Initiatory and experimental expenses for machinery and plant were in the mirage of the rapidly incoming fortune, most reckless and extravagant."

"Frequently as much as forty and fifty per cent. of the saccharine juice was left in the refuse cane after crushing. This refuse was dried and used for fuel, rather a losing game, considering the value of the sugar lost."

"Queensland was young in the industry. She had to compete in the markets of the world, and with old established sugar firms and countries, worked with cheap labour. The production of beet sugar on a large scale in Europe, and assisted by a bonus of £3 a ton, also militated against the Queensland manufacturers getting those immediately, accruing fortunes, of which the dreams were so bewitching."

"The small farmers, who grew sugar cane, lacked experience and wisdom."

"Fruit trees planted too closely together are a failure. Corn planted too thickly is choked or starved. So sugar cane planted too closely cannot mature nor give the yield of sugar."

"Selfishness and ignorance planted the cane rows from four feet, rarely to eight feet apart. This was spread out acre after acre to the extent of the field. When grown the crop was too crowded to admit of perfect ventilation. In such close set canes the tropical or subtropical heat was most enervating. In early morning the atmosphere among the undergrowth would be laden with moisture from the night dews. In the daytime the hot sun rendered the still atmosphere among such dense vegetation and high grown canes most oppressive."

"The whites sent to work to weed, &c., in such a close atmosphere, complained of the work as most distressing. The thrashing the cane (stripping off the dead leaves) in early morning would wet the worker to the skin. Ingress and egress in a standing crop, six to eight feet high, thickly set and full of weedy undergrowth was most exhausting. These evils occurred in a selfish, ignorant, cruel, cowardly, and money losing policy."

"The canes should have been planted far enough apart to have allowed a light plough or scarifier, worked with a horse, to keep the weeds down. In narrow roads a perfect



current of air could be secured and the worker could without distress, thrash, hoe, manure, and scientifically cultivate the canes. Wide cart roads, at regular distances, would also have benefited the general crop in a larger percentage sugar yield. The whole cane field thus better ventilated and better cultivated must have grown more vigorous canes, and the density, quality, and quantity of the juice would far more than have compensated for the few less canes planted. While in such husbandry the labour would be as easy as any other outdoor farming."

"In the disputes re wages, rations, &c., between the sugar manufacturers and their white employees, both sought to ruin the other. The men in the middle of the busy crushing would cease work, demand higher wages, or threaten to leave then and there. The masters thus taken at a disadvantage resolved to be avenged—and also they contended they must protect themselves."

"Some speculative enterprisers had shipped a number of black men from the South Sea Islands into Queensland. These men were employed as domestic servants. Practically children themselves, they made good nurses. They took a pride in tending to young children."

"These boys were made to sign a three years agreement by their cross, duly attested. The worded agreement was for three years. These simple minded islanders failed to comprehend a longer period than three moons or three months. They mistook the years for months and agreed."

"In time as the supply increased, capitalists employed these blacks as wharf labourers. It was ascertained that one good white man was able to do as much work as six blacks. Yet employers preferred to consider the black labour, and their greater authority over such servile, menial service, the cheaper, and more to their liking."

"In the issues of the sugar troubles, the masters saw in the kanaka a leverage to relieve them from the dictates of white servants."

"The first attempt to work a sheep station with kanaka labour, and on the Darling Downs, was pronounced a distinct failure. The blacks sent up by contract agreement

were quickly returned as useless. Nevertheless it became a general practice to employ them in the field and menial work of the sugar cane estates."

"The white men in jealousy and chagrin held these substitutes in repute as dogs. Until the work assigned to them came to be held too degrading, or on physical grounds too enervating for white men to attempt."

"For some time the importation of kanakas was only nominally under government surveillance. As the sugar industry increased under this obtainable cheap labour, the demand for more boys rapidly increased. This led speculative enterprising captains and others to invest cash and energy in what promised to be a most remunerative business."

"Ship after ship was fitted up and sent to the islands for recruits. At length laws and regulations were passed and Government took the trade under its own wing."

"It was to the commercial interest of the captain and crew of a recruiting vessel to get a heavy complement of recruits as quickly as possible. Abuses crept in. Extreme and violent measures were taken in offensive and defensive venture."

"Such acts led to reprisals."

"The South Sea Island natives, like the camel, remembered injuries received. But, unlike the camel, they wreaked their vengeance upon the next party of white visitors, who might come into their power. Thus outrages were often perpetrated on innocent victims, in revenge for violence feloniously enacted by low, brutal whites, months or years before."

"The island tribes were, broadly speaking, under a patriarchal government. Chiefs held more or less absolute power. Individuals had little or no voice in property or state matters. Life or death, was, with certain restrictions of power, in the hands of the autocrat chiefs."

"Recruiters traded with the chiefs, and through the chiefs. They offered axes, guns and gunpowder, tobacco, knives and beads, handkerchiefs, print stuffs, and other articles of small commercial value in exchange for boys."

"The goods were vaunted before the chiefs, and offered to them, partly in payment for so many hands, and partly as a bonus on the completion of the contract."



"The chief would sell, or more correctly speaking loan for a period, as he believed, of three moons or months, but in actual contract three years, the illegitimates, or so called no man's children, prisoners taken in war, or others not generally liked by the people."

"A few islanders, wrought upon by the interpreter's yarns, and glowing descriptions of adventure, and presents, in the slightest possible risks doubtless did volunteer."

"When those in treaty to be extradited by the chief objected to go, his savage highness would order the ovens to be prepared. The delinquent thus had the choice of being roasted and eaten, or of going with the recruiters."

"When on board the vessel, many endeavoured to escape. Several jumped overboard, and swam for the shore. Some of these were shot down, some were recaptured, some were seized by sharks. A few escaped."

"Such conduct created a fear and an anger among the recruiting officers, which led them to use precaution for self protection and against the escape of any once on board, and now in a certain sense, being paid for, their property."

"Fire arms had to be used. Hatches had to be battened down, and severe measures of violence had to be taken to prevent insubordination and rebellion, and to keep the prey once caught from escaping."

"Reports of offensive and defensive violent measures, on the one side, and of recriminating outrages on the part of the other side, reached the British Government. England's men of war were told off to shell villages in answer to the loud complaints of outrage entered by Colonial crews. These outrages were severely paraded, while silence covered the provocations of the recruiters."

"In the end a feeble impulsive Home Government brought pressure to bear on the Queensland Government, and orders were issued to rectify the violent wrongs of the past, by still more extensive and insane acts of violence in the immediate future."

"No statesman at this juncture arose to save the falling in cataclysm, and thus to save the social, political and commercial world, from one of the most terrible convulsions ever experienced."



"A political complication eventuated. The labour party, sore in their workers being supplanted by an alien inferior race, and sore in wages being cut down by reason of such imported labour, cried vehemently against the employment of kanakas. These used humanitarian arguments in a political fracas."

"Philanthropists in Britain raised their voices against this, to them, new phase of slavery. Political parties in Queensland, anxious for power, took up this question as one plank of their political platform. And thus a concentration of forces commanded an immediate cessation of the traffic, and the immediate restoration to their homes, at the expense of Queensland, of all who complained and were proved to have been deceived, or otherwise illegally recruited."

"A large number were forthwith shipped, *presumably*, to their native homes."

"In the political battle, the sugar industry capitalists fought fiercely on the opposite platform. They maintained their right, with their own capital, to engage what labour they believed to pay best. They denied abuses, claimed British naval protection against outrages on their recruiters, and vehemently defended themselves against the charge of being slaveholders."

"On philanthropic grounds they defended themselves, as thus rescuing victims from cannibalism, island warfare, and even periodic famine. They claimed in some cases not only to have rescued these savages from ignorance, superstition and heathenism, but actually to have trained them and enlightened them in the truths and blessings of Christianity."

"Truly, as in the American trouble, some were petted, some were kindly treated, others were even taught to read and sing and pray; but others, and these the greater number, were treated as dogs or horses, fed and ordered about, and made to work, whether they liked it or not."

"In fact it was used as a weighty argument in favour of the whole system that thus these lazy good for nothing idle heathen dogs were taught to work, and so were physically, intellectually and socially benefitted."

"Politicians need to be calm, sage in judgment, and sapient and righteous in action. The majority of Queens-

land's legislators and rulers were small minded, feeble kneed, erratic, impulsive, versatile and selfish."

"In judging the kanaka system as wrong or inadvisable, they ought to have benefitted by the errors of the past, and so have avoided all acts of violence, and the consequences resulting therefrom, in the future. They had not the brain or the savi to act thus wisely. They suddenly took the labour supply, or a large part of it, away from the sugar industry, but they neglected to refund an equivalent quotient."

"Many proprietors of the mills and plantations, partly in anger and revengful strike; partly in being suddenly robbed of, and not equivalently supplied with the absolute quantum of necessary labour; and too often it is to be feared as a favourable opportunity and excuse for the bankruptcy which had long hung over them, through indiscreet outlay and bad management, shut their doors and suspended business."

"The Government should and might have seized upon this opportunity, to have settled the labour question once and for ever. It was their duty to protect the kanakas. It was equally their duty to protect all classes of whites. They ought to have made strikes illegal. Righteously every violence is morally illegal. They should have protected the white men as workers, as well also the employers as capitalists. In such legislation a Central Board or Labour Arbitration Court should have been established. In this protection on a healthy basis of reckoning of realizable profits, a fair wage should have been struck as due to white labour. And the kanakas should have been left on the estates until protected white labour, which would have been forthcoming under such terms, was available."

"In such Legislation to Arbitration, violent rebellion, intimidation, and all evils of strikes would have been made illegal, and the resultant convulsive throes of society in civil strife, which brought such distress would have been avoided."

"As subsequent events proved, no wrongs were righted. The labour question became infinitely more complicated and involved. A vast sum of money was spent to take the islanders back to their homes. The sugar industry collapsed. White workmen, goaded on by paid agitators, challenged



capitalists, and destroyed the country's industries in strike after strike. The kanakas were again sent for and recruited more largely than before. As class hatred developed, intrigue crept in apace. Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, Afghans, Italians, and such hosts of alien labour were imported at small wage, until the white workman too frequently found himself out in the cold, with starvation or a minimum wage crushing him in sorrow and anguish, down to the grave."

"In the political turmoil, the cessation of the sugar industry, as a leading business, was blamed for all the woes and bad times, and money scarcity. Pressure again turned the tables, and the recruiting was once more legalised. At the urgent request of the Home Government abuses were specially guarded against by special laws and regulations."

"Yet Dr. Paton, a Presbyterian Missionary, reported to the Secretary of State for the Colonies as follows:— Except for a few months in 1891 the traffic has never been stopped. Since the traffic was revived for a further term of ten years, the same vessels and the same captains have been engaged in the work, as were engaged in it before the Royal Commission of 1885 passed its resolution ordering its abolishment at the close of 1890. Dr. Paton goes on to show that the revised regulations are absolutely impracticable. He quotes from Admiral Erskine, Sir Arthur Gordon, Sir John Thurston, and others in support of this statement. Instead of being landed at his own village on his return from the plantations, the kanaka, it is stated, is forced to decide either to be landed at some other place suiting the convenience of the captain, or to return to Queensland for another term of service. With regard to the regulation requiring the Government agent to satisfy himself that a woman desiring to recruit is accompanied by her actual husband, Dr. Paton states its observance to be absolutely impossible. The recruiting of women often causes strife and bloodshed on the islands and grave abuses in the plantations, where they are in a minority, as compared with the men, of 1 to 20. Contrary to the provisions of Regulation No. 14, that each recruit shall understand the nature of the engagement he is to enter into as to payment and duration of service, it is pointed out that there is little possibility of his under-



standing it, this being sufficiently explained by the fact that there are twenty-three or more distinct languages in the New Hebrides. The system of making presents to the relatives of recruits is severely condemned by Dr. Paton, who declares such presents to be recognised by the natives as payment for the purchase of human beings. Concluding, Dr. Paton says:—"I do solemnly assure your lordship, without bias or prejudice against planters, agents, or crews, that the system of securing Polynesian labour for the Queensland plantations is a relic of the bygone and barbarous past, and veiled system of slavery—robbed to some extent of its bloodshed and murder, but carried on by deceit and allurements, by bribes and plausibility, through the agency of trained native decoys—under cover of armed boat's crews, captains, and Government agents, in regions far from the vigilant eye of the law. While deeds can be perpetrated on speechless natives whose dark bodies alone are desired for the energy that can be forced out of them to fill the coffers of white men—while the planters own labour ships and hire captains and crews—and while a handsome premium is given all round for kanaka recruits—the traffic is bound to be a curse and a degradation to all engaged in it—a disgrace to the colony that legalises it—and a blot on the fair name of Britain."

"Difficulty presented itself immediately the transit voyage began. The food furnished to the recruits was boiled rice. This to the islanders was novel fare, and was almost invariably refused. Yet for meal after meal the rejected rice was sent forward again and again, until hunger would at last compel the subordinated one to eat this now sour morsel."

"A few hours before reaching the Queensland port, the natives would be dressed in European clothing and prepared for inspection."

"How were the kanakas trained or managed on the estates," asked Mr. Greathead.

"On the plantations these black men, who had never done a hard day's work in their lives were set to the menial labour. If they refused to work, their rations were not forthcoming. Different overseers varied in their treatment of the refractory, incapable, or offending servitors. Some were harsh, others were kind and patient. Some would box

the menial's ears, knock the man down and kick him as a dog, or these brutal gangers would swear at the offenders, curse them and punish them by shortened rations."

"Here and there a supremely impudent cad essayed to use the lash, but public opinion could not disassociate the lash with the American Slave Trade. The folly wrought its own cure. One case will illustrate."

"Jack Snowler, the nephew of an English Bishop, and grandson of the Hon. Jonathan Snowler, of the old English house of Dorchenchester, received a good salary as overseer on the plantation of Martin, Foxenwell & Co."

"In the eyes of this blue blooded aristocrat, the kanakas on the station were a necessary evil, as any other dogs might be. He could never give them a decent word. His commands were sharp, curt, imperious and offensive."

"This man's private life was a reflex of his conduct to these poor blacks. It was most heinous and disgusting. Every sentence seemed loaded with vile words and curses. Every breath he breathed seemed laden with nicotine. Whisky kept his animal energies in a furore of excitement, while beers repeatedly indulged in created indigestion, ill-humour, rancour and bile."

"A black man, whom he particularly disliked, came in for many cuffs and curses. At length he used a horse whip which he carried. He welted the black man severely."

"The horse-whipped man was strong and well made, but was held servile in terror to surly submission."

"This use of the lash was noised about among the hands on the plantation. Some of the subordinate whites were disgusted, but feared to speak, lest they should lose their billets."

"Nevertheless, one of these informed the injured black man that the law would protect him from personal outrage. (The blacks, of course, had been kept in ignorance of such protection.) The white sympathizer quietly advised the kanaka, if the overseer again touched him, to turn round and give him a good hiding. He explained to the man that he would be safe in doing so: that the law would uphold him for thus acting in self defence. He represented



to him that the manager would know better than to risk bringing the case before the Court, and that if he did, it would be a good thing, as it would lead to a reform of abuses."

"In the course of a few days, the overseer and this kanaka again came into collision. Something displeased the overseer, and he struck the kanaka with his whip."

"Quick as thought, before the striker suspected any mishap, the kanaka rushed upon him, struck him in the face and knocked him down. The black man did not trouble about code of honour, but acted upon the advice given him, and gave the manager, while down, a down right good thrashing."

"The cowardly manager, thus worsted, issued a summons for murderous assault against the kanaka."

"Before the day of hearing, Police Magistrate Pumkins came to dine with his friend the overseer."

"John Saunders, the second in command, spoke a few confidential words to the P.M. He urged this gentleman to dissuade Snowler from going on with the case."

"At the dinner Snowler heaped up wrath upon the kanakas, and poured out his complaint with oaths and curses against the one who had thrashed him. It took the P.M. and Saunders all their powers of persuasion to make Snowler withdraw the summons. It was only when the P.M. positively assured him that he would have to grant the kanaka a counter summons, and that all the evidence was in favour of the kanaka, that the cur at last reluctantly withdrew the charge. It is needless to say that the P.M. was never again invited to dine and spend the night in cards and whiskies with his friend Snowler."

"Laws were framed for the protection of the kanaka against personal violence. They were likewise drawn up for the protection of the master against unruly servants. Medical attendance was supposed to be provided for the blacks, but abuse crept in. Salts and other cheap drugs were supplied when sickness was real or feigned, but too often hap-hazard. Many grieved after their island home. Some sulked because that in three moons they were not taken back to their friends and country. Some even in the violence of their grief refused to eat. The doctor or a



good-natured overseer, or cook, often prescribed for such invalids medical comforts, as beef tea, eggs and tonics. These would be taken to the sick one. Yet oftener than not, the whole would be found planted, hidden away. The black was sulking to death. And he often did die."

"In many cases the work which was new and fatiguing to the kanaka, the hot weather often twenty to thirty degrees hotter than his own island home, change of diet, and mental distress brought about diseases. The sick one's constitution was weaker than a European's to resist the attack. The death rate among these young able-bodied islanders was twice as heavy, 46 per thousand, as among the Queensland whites, including old people and children. In one issue the *Bundaberg Mail* reported 36 deaths, 26 of these were of Pacific Islanders, 17 being from dysentery, chiefly among new arrivals."

"Do you consider it was slavery?" asked Mr. Great-head.

"What is slavery?" replied the minister. "All men in the great Fatherhood of God are brothers. The restriction of the liberty of any by others for selfish motives is slavery. Slavery existed far and wide in the nineteenth century. It was of many types and differences of degree. But every type and every degree was selfishness."

"The whole labour quarrel was selfishness from beginning to end. Each class to the struggle was fighting solely in pursuit of class interests. The general interests of the community was unthought. The sugar planter obtained the services of the kanaka for the three years for eighteen pounds, board and lodgings. None can deny that this contract was the very height of selfishness. If the kanaka was a good worker, he was worth a righteous wage for that work. And when his term being up, one elected to stay, he had the savi to demand his fifteen shillings per week, and found, as the white labourer."

"To please the whites the law restricted the kanaka to field and sugarcane labour. This was a moral contradiction. If the man was engaged to benefit himself, and as a benefit to the country, then the freedom of England's liberty could not be withheld from him excepting in selfishness."

"The excuse which urged that kanakas could endure the heat of the tropics better than the whites was a pure fallacious invention. The black had not the strength, the power of endurance, nor the ability to work in the hot sun that the whites had."

"From beginning to end the whole question was a piece of selfishness. It was a clever manœuvre of the planters to rid themselves of the offensive dictation and revolutionary tactics of the workers. These latter sought to enslave the masters. The masters sought to enslave them, but succeeded better in more perfectly enslaving the blacks. As daily these were called for muster, the onlooker was reminded of other countries, and other people, of higher and inferior races"

"In their way the white workers sought to enslave their fellow workers. These must join the trade union. They must blindly obey. Manhood must be sacrificed."

"An incident illustrates the temper of the white workers when under the innate furore of a strike."

"In Western Queensland the pastoralists employed a number of men as shearers. These could earn a pound to thirty shillings a day. Many prodigals and many criminals from the nobility and the upper ten of Europe might be found here. The men determined by aid of a union to dictate wage, rates, rules, &c., &c. Each fresh hand was solicited to join the union."

"John Cohey engaged to shear for six months. He was, on arrival at the station, solicited as the rest. He objected on principle. In his judgment the rule which forbade a unionist working with a non-unionist was unrighteous and slavish, and altogether destructive of true liberty. Other rules were selfishly offensive. He declined to join the union."

"The men determined to coerce Cohey. They threatened his life. They subjected him to all petty annoyances. One night he was run into a ring surrounded by the camp fires, and commanded to join the union, or prepare to be roasted alive."

"John stood unmoved. He smiled, made no resistance, but took his stand on the principles of the Bible as his rock and tower. Dick Swiles, the banker over whose head a



thousand sovereigns were hanging, argued captiously against the Bible. The men then changed their tactics."

"We will say nothing about the Bible and you do the same," they said to John.

"Take the Bible from me," said Cohey, "and I fall, and what is more I shall stick to my Bible and my God, you cannot harm me. If it is my Father's will for you to injure me, thus to try me, I am not afraid to bear it or to die. But if He is not willing, none of you can touch me."

"And none of them could. They hissed in their rage, they cursed, and stormed, and raved, and foamed, right into his face, but somehow or other the outstretched arms fell powerless; the gathered up big stones dropped unthrown. The men slinked back, as John walked forth unharmed."

"One night this marked man received warning that he was to be seized and thrown into the lake. His mate joined the Union for safety. Not so Cohey. He went to his tent and slept calmly as usual."

"About 2 o'clock in the morning, he was awoke by a great scuffling. The men were in argument. Each, cursing and using foul language, was urging the others to commit the offence. All as cowards eventually disappeared. The bible man was untouched."

"But the assassin's tactics suit cowards best. An old man was set on to steal John's shorn sheep. Daily the shearer would miss 4 or 5 from his pen of sheep."

"At last he saw the old man suspiciously go off one morning. He waited a few minutes and went round another way, until he came on the pen from the opposite quarter."

"He quietly watched the old man lift two sheep out of his pen over into the next. He then cried, steady, steady, not too many."

"Oh! said the old man, some of the sheep had jumped over into your pen."

"The shearer soon enlightened the thief, but as that individual cursed most vehemently, John declined argument. He reported the matter to the overseer."

"In the end, the old man for the theft, and for insulting language to the overseer, was suspended. The men in a body struck work. They demanded that the thief be reinstated and the non-unionists suspended, or they would

not resume work. The owner of the station, to his honour, stuck by the true man, and allowed the strikers to leave."

"After the shearing season was over, the men in coming down in the train, abused a non-unionist, who had joined the union through fear. They pulled his clothes into rags. They caused the blood to stream down his face. At last Cohey got up before him, and dared any man to touch him. Again the fearless man appealed to the protecting power of his Bible and God, and all the men slinked back into their seats. He saved the poor man from all further molestation. They would not touch John, and they could only touch the man after getting rid of Cohey."

"The labour dispute was the struggle of selfishness. The tactics were those of low, sneaking, diabolical slavery."





## CHAPTER VI.

## A VISIT TO THE RUINS OF BRISBANE.

AFTER dinner horses were brought round, and we rode over to survey the ruins of the city.

Half an hour's ride brought us to the brow of the hill, once the terraced boulevard of fashion and pride. Immediately beneath us was a fairly grown forest. This we located as an old garden reserve. A few of the cultivated foliage and other trees still held their own, among the gums and wattles.

The terrace itself was represented by irregularly scattered piles of broken bricks and mortar. This was covered with lantana.

We located what we believed to have been Queen Street. Queen Street ruled the elections. By a power of plural voting she could carry the city and suburban elections as she willed.

"Here," said Minister Wilkinson, "dwelt land agents, the boomers of property and the special foes to Queensland's prosperity."

"I guess it was the land boom which swooned Queensland," said Mr. West.

"How did the land agents achieve such power," asked Mrs. West.

"The citizens hastened to get rich," said the minister.

"The land agents saw their opportunity. They took it. Property holders were dazzled in elysian dreams. They were seduced by fair promises. They entrusted their land into the care of agents for a boom, and the lands were boomed."

"Fictitious values necessitated a fictitious condition of the social relations of society. Boomed land values—boomed

house values. Such property values needed boomed rents, to pay the interest on the boomed capital. And since the shopkeepers and the working classes are the bulk of the contributing population, a boom in rents, compelled a boom in produce prices to sustain, and a boom in wages to support the boomed rents."

"Selfishness in the rank soil of fictitious values developed into a hydra-headed monster. Money boomed. Labour boomed. Properties boomed. Rents boomed. Goods and produce boomed."

"Bees congregate to the honeyed flowers. So all the available energies of the people were directed to this Australian Eldorado. Speculation run rife. A mania seized the people. Almost every one hastened to get rich."

"In raising society as a whole, in advancing boomed values, the vastness of the structure must necessitate damage in the moving commensurate with the violence used."

"The great middle class, the shopkeepers, acted as a buffer between the capital producing and the labour producing classes. The aim of the middle class was more or less to pass over to the upper ten capitalist class. In boom times these took advantage of the situation, to add a far heavier advance profit on their goods than the general advance value all round. These, the shopkeepers, drew their support from both capitalists and the labour classes."

"Naturally the unproportionately increased rates affected the labouring classes the most. The working man with one pound a week wage, able to live comfortably on eighteen shillings, was vastly better off on that wage than on a wage of a hundred per cent. advance, in a general rise of a hundred and twenty-five per cent. on rents, provisions, &c. In fact he would have to spare in a wage of one pound in a living cost of eighteen shillings; but with a wage of two pounds in a living cost of forty-five shillings, he would be a loser."

"The booms destroyed Queensland, because of the unequal advances in the different departments."

Not far from the river was a heap of ruin left from the Treasury block of buildings. This formerly magnificent pile afforded work for a few bricklayers and other workmen for a time. The spurt was a false one, for the cash expended



was foreign capital. The outlay provided a splendid suite of rooms for ministers and other paid government officials. It added a large sum without returns to the already too big national debt.

Near by was the early-day Court House, Gaol, and Post Office. Here, in morning hour, the officials were wont to suspend mid-air those whom the severe judgment of the times condemned to die.

Among the ruins of the Legislative Houses we disturbed three large snakes.

It was a little difficult to judge where the Botanical Gardens and Government House should be located. Vice-royalty graciously dispensed a liberal patronage. Levees were attended by any citizens other than criminals (and these occasionally slipped in), who could sport or hire a dress suit. The lady and gentlemen pioneers delighted to call and pay their respects.

No sign remained of the fine bridge, which once crossed the river. The banks on either side were overgrown with trees, covered with convolvulus and other creepers.

We now rode across to the old Acclimatization Gardens. The ponds and lake had become a big morass. Geese and ducks were desporting in hundreds.

Near by was the site of the world-renowned Brisbane Hospital. The story of its history would be a work of art. It was laid out on healthful sanitary lines. The wards were detached. The death rate, to have been in keeping with the advantages of the place, would have been exceedingly low.

Many an adventure connected with the hospital was most thrilling. The duel between the matron and the doctor was well fought. The lady believed in keeping the keys of the grog cellar. The doctor strongly objected to her ladyship's interference. Nevertheless the matron was determined to uphold her authority and economise her spirits.

One day she took the precaution to lock up and take the keys away in her pocket when she went out. The doctor heard of this studied defiance. His dignity was outraged. He suddenly determined to give a dose of whisky

to a patient. Unable to force the door of the pantry, the medico, noted for scheming, disturbed a pane of glass in a certain panel. He then made a loop of fine wire with a net catch. This was carefully fastened on to the end of a long pointer or pole. With trembling hand the excited youth passed in the pointer, and dropped the wire over the bottles. At length in a fluke his wire catch caught round the neck of a whisky bottle. This the experimenter now raised and drew out in triumphant glee.

Brisbane Hospital was noted for its government. A youthful House Staff really run the concern. A stereotyped committee, elected annually, year in and year out, supported these precocious youths. But then Peter Rawmer had a widowed daughter. Dr. Oldram was an eligible beau with plenty of cash and burnished eclat. The young people often spent evening's pleasant hours in each others company.

There was a so-called Honorary and Consultant Staff. These gentlemen, physicians and surgeons, gained private practice by the honour of the name, and were more or less amiable in allowing the House Staff to exercise the onus of responsibility. Until Dr. Drollers, M.D., and Surgeon Catspinch, M.B., quarrelled.

Dr. Drollers then woke up to his position, and demanded to be allowed to do his duty, and see those patients on visiting days, on whose bed's head his name was hung as visiting physician. Dr. Catspinch objected, and many a revelation was revealed.

The hospital's long list of rare and successful operations was almost nil. Vice versa there was great success. The attention given to patients was noted above all allied institutions. If the death rate was higher than the London hospitals, allowance had to be made for the youth and beauty in training.

Typhoid fever was the hospital's specialty from olden times. Four noted practitioners adopted as many plans of treatment. Dr. Axum dosed with tonics, which he wished to get into the European markets. Dr. Beeslam swore by saline diaphoretics. Dr. James was the publican's friend with whiskey and gin. While Dr. Apsdom was dead nuts on alteratives. The death rate was heavy, but the medicos had not the expense of burials.



Dr. Peter Morroway took a craze over bananas. Their nutritive and soothing qualities must enable art to laugh at fever. This tyro succeeded in making all his brothers as clever as himself. Bananas were used by tons in the hospital. A frightful mortality followed. How many new undertakers started is still a secret.

At length, Dr. Brugendal, a microscopist from Rome, discovered banana fialments and cellular tissue in the jagged, ulcerated, intestinal tissue. Bananas were henceforth interdicted from the hospital grounds.

As Dr. Francesco and Dr. Robarch gained private practice, through being advertised as the honorary physicians of the hospital, and since everybody believed them to be the most clever medicos on this very account, these gentlemen rested on their laurels, and scooped in the sovereigns. Visiting days found them busy attending to paying patients. The house staff had to do duty to the non payers.

As these gentry advanced in self esteem, because of the onus of responsibility so ably fulfilled, they even aspired to teach the Honorary Staff. The Continental and British records were hunted up for informatian. The youthful Staff did not aspire to original research.

Some Germans in the mysticism of dreamland, reasoned that the process of freezing would kill the bacteria of typhoid fever. Here was an idea. All hospitals must bow the knee before this scientific and learned medical announcement. The youthful Staff desired to experiment.

But the ice bill would amount to a few hundred pounds. An amiable Committee agreed. Alcoholic spirits would also be needed to give new life, as the natural vital elixir became chilled in the freezing experiments. The Committee kicked up their heels—but the oratorical persuasion of the learned professors pointed these gentlemen to the door—of silence.

Alas ! Alas ! the insane dreamy ideas, for want of something wiser and better, were permitted to germinate. A bath was partly filled with water. Lumps of ice were added. The patient was stripped and kept in bed simply covered with a sheet.

Suddenly two porters or others would come, wheeling the bath along. These would sling the sick one holus bolus

in a sheet, and suddenly drop the victim into the prepared iced bath. The shock was instantaneous! The effect was electric!! The screams were awful!!!

The surface body temperature immediately fell. The internal visceral blood heat immediately rose. The blanched surface had lent its blood to the inward parts, where visceral congestions were frequently set up.

In spite of cries and tears, groans and entreaties, the victim was engulfed for twenty minutes. Blue or almost blue, according as the brandy had been stinted or unlimited, the unfortunate one was now slung back into bed and left to shiver beneath the single coverlet.

The bath with all its frozen? bacteria, &c., &c., was wheeled on for the next patient. As the weeping one trembled in shivering fits in successive wave, as the teeth chattered, and as the limbs were drawn up to seek to regain some little warmth, the same water bath was doing duty to others.

As the learned dreamer came round, and found the temperature again as high as ever, he commanded the attendants to repeat the operation. Records are given of from sixty to one hundred or more baths to a single patient.

The hospital authorities claimed an eight per cent. death rate by this treatment as against seventeen in rival institutions.

Dr. Joneski denied these statistics. He proved his assertion thus. William Cad-Wallis, who died cursing the baths and calling certain people murderers, was registered in cause of death as Peritonitis and Hemorage of bowels; other deaths were registered as pneumonia and other typhoid lesions. By forgetting to register the typhoid as first cause, the death rate of that disease was reduced. Many lived on, but suffered for years. Others went home to die. Mrs. Rowski, one of the finest built women in Brisbane, who had only a slight attack of low fever, was nursed and doctored for some twelve weeks. Her husband was not allowed to see her for weeks. He was at last sent for and politely requested to sign a paper in acknowledgment of the great kindness, etc., received. On taking his wife home he found her limbs drawn up and crippled. The patient's body was emaciated and burdened with ulcerated



running wounds, etc. The woman who left her husband's house a fine and commanding figure of humanity, returned a cripple and a wreck, to die.

The husband demanded a public enquiry. Two of the medicos, as J.P., sat on the bench. These came down from judgment to give evidence, that cramped limbs, &c., *might* occur in typhoid apart from the iced baths. The matted hair which had to be cut off for sanitary reasons, would not result from iced baths. Did a nurse allow that she had not obeyed orders. In sympathy she had yielded and allowed a blanket cover. So!! the enquiry closed!! three children were left motherless—and the public were led more highly than ever to esteem the medical profession.

"Did the authorities advertise the system?" asked Mrs. West.

"Rather," replied Mr. Greathead, "A splendid opportunity offered. William Richards, editor of the *Morning Gazette*, was gazetted as suffering from typhoid fever. The fact was, Richards, as many another ambitious climber, was suffering from over-worked brain. He was ambulated to the hospital. The youthful fraternity saw their opportunity to fame, and simply killed poor Richards with kindness and attention. They gave him nice cool refreshing baths. They avoided all violence. The washings so tenderly administered, and so spiced with kindness, were most grateful to the fagged out brain of this wearied pressman. As he himself expressed it, if he had been a king, he could not have received more kindness and attention. He deeply regretted having to leave the hospital."

"In a day or two, a most startling sensational article appeared in the *Morning Gazette*. The public were informed of the philanthropical talisman warranted to cure fever, and possessed alone in Australia by the hospital staff. To say that everyone tried to take fever after this, on purpose to experience the delightful care and blissful boon, would be scarcely correct. But that was not Richards's fault. For a time the public had ice on the brain."

"What became of Richards?" asked Mrs. West.

"After leaving the hospital and after overworking his brain to produce such a leader, he gradually wasted, until he got as thin as a starved rook. He pluckily stuck to his

calling. Yet wearied, irritable, and worried to death, he appeared as if ever ready for his coffin. Poor Richards, he would have been a good fellow if he had experienced a better training."

"The hospital was noted for experiments and conundrums. As Peter Jakes explained, Thomas Volenski died from a fracture of the base of the skull. Only the doctor failed to detect such in the first post-mortem examination, because the room was too dark to note such a lesion. What the patient had been treated for was another matter."

"The unmarried doctors enlisted the sympathy and services of the nursing staff, and greatly improved the same by offering themselves as prizes to those who should prove themselves to be the best helpmeets."

"The surgery of the hospital was specially brilliant. Did Billy Jones graze his elbow with a fall? Carbolic treatment aided the staff, until a most cleverly performed operation left the stump of an arm as ornament."

"Was a drinking patient admitted with a fractured thigh? Did vomiting set in? Did the man die and why? A warder was arraigned on his trial for, so it was asserted, swabbing the patient in the stomach and thus making him vomit. This idea was caught at by another aspirant, who thus saw a certain specific treatment for poisons."

"Was the poor warder," asked Mr. West, "hung for man-slaughter?"

"No fear of that," said Mr. Greathead, "He was granted a holiday and sent away for change of air."

"And in the end," said Mr. West.

"In the end—in the end," replied Mr. Greathead.

"Cæsar married senior nurse Titilus, Dr. Jolando married Sister Rachel, and Surgeon Tomlinson married nurse Poppet."





## CHAPTER VII.

## THE TOWER OF BABEL.

“**T**ALKING of ruins,” said Minister Wilkinson, “those of the Tower of Babel are the most instructive.”

“Did the citizens of Brisbane aspire to reach heaven and hold earth, in bondage,” asked Mrs. West.

“I must acknowledge,” said Mr. West, “that I could never comprehend how those pagans of old commanded wisdom and engineering skill sufficient to build a tower which should reach to heaven. The Eifel Tower, and the Tower of Watkins, were allowed to stand unchallenged. Wherein did the Tower of Babel surpass these?”

“Doubtless,” said the minister, “the ancients possessed arts and applications which became lost to the race. They did vastly more by corporate strength, than our immediate ancestors. A few lives lost in constrained labour would appear to have been to them a matter of little or no importance.”

“I must confess that I look upon the Tower of Babel rather as a huge rebellious contrivance or plot against the Great Eternal, rather than a mere building of masonry.”

“Do you favour the idea,” asked Mr. Greathead, “that the Pyramids had anything to do with the Tower?”

“Probably,” said the Minister, “the motive that prompted the one suggested the other. I do not believe that the builders or buildings were identical.”

“A traveller from Sydney describes the tower. He says: I had made up my mind to visit Brisbane. I arrived on the Thursday night by the mail train from Sydney. The wonder of the city was the Tower of Babel, which the citizens were erecting.”

“I had seen similar towers in other places, for the age was reverting to primitive ancestry type and fashion. I was

however obliged to acknowledge that nowhere had I seen a structure so massive and so defiant as this Brisbane monument."

"The foundations were laid foursquare. They stood out boldly, and were artistically and elaborately adorned."

"They rose the one over the other as a series of steps or terraces. They rose a massive exhibition of defiance against heaven and all righteousness."

"There were five tiers of foundation terraces. These were a marvellously and cunningly wrought exhibition of crystallised selfishness."

"The lowest foundation tier was built up of a kind of concrete. It hardened into a dark-coloured amorphous stone. Its composition was purely a work of art. Its origin was an enigma. It was made up of a trifle of human wisdom, a few small items of knowledge, a good slice of brain-proud, purse-proud selfishness, with scrap cuttings of self-esteem, compounded together in a matrix of fallen agnosticism."

"Divine Revelation teaches that righteousness exalteth a nation, and so it enforces man's duty to his fellow man and his dependence upon the Creator. The Queenslanders sought to displace the Deity from His Throne of Government. To secure this issue, the legislature, the members of which thus inscribed their country's death warrant, passed a law, that the Bible, the highest and divinely given code of morals, should be expelled from the state schools. This effected, the first foundation of the defiant tower against God, heaven, and humanity was laid."

"As the first foundation concrete set and hardened, the second tier was superimposed. It was a mixture of a black slime and muddy pitch. It hardened into a dark adamant. As long as laws against immorality protected the weak, and restricted whoremongers and adulterers, it was impossible to lay down this compost. The ignorant and the unchaste legislators came to the rescue, and passed Acts of Parliament to dishonour woman, and to paint in glistening white the foulest stains of man. These made it legal to brutalise woman for man's insane passion. Woman once fallen was crushed lower than the brutes by an ignorant impudent police mob."



"The third tier foundation was produced from decaying organic matter. Selfishness and mammon manufactured the article in which every foulness was intermingled. The concrete would only set in alcohol. It would not mix in pure water. The legislators were specially active. They opened up houses of manufacture. They licensed the builders. They subsidised the trade. They established the liquor traffic—the lever to all evil. Magistrates, heavier in pocket than brains, were commissioned to license incest spots, for the emptying all sanitary and moral defilement into this stratum tier."

"Morbid wealth, melted down, formed the matrix of the fourth tier. Gambling threw the gold and silver into heaps. The churches had wept a tear as the foundation tiers were laid. They now became hardened, and lent all assistance to fashioning this compost of filthy lucre; some churches even became maniacal to suicide in the craze. Sweepstakes caught the young. Chance speculation seized the commerce of the colony. Horse racing, dog fighting, pigeon flying, and rat baiting, sank the coin of the realm in a quagmire compost of gambling."

"The fifth or top foundation tier was light and roomy as asbestos. It was manufactured out of the nicotine which filled the fumes of tobacco smoke. This tier was laid by the misdirected energies of the whole population. Together christian and infidel joined hands here. The churches honoured its builders by placing them in every sacred office."

"Thus rose in proud display the five foundations tiers, idolatry, uncleanness, drinking, gambling and smoking."

"On these were built the tower, and the city population which denied God and defied men."

"In the rejection of the Bible, the only human source of highest moral training, because it straightly denounces all selfishness toward God and men, a substitute had to be found by the impudent legislators, upon which to build and establish the city. This, from many brains of cramped capacity, produced the ashy dun amorphous concrete, upon which the citizens elected to build up their coming tower and city. Snatches of history, mathematics, social lore, military drill, and analytical language were forced down the children's throats. These were simply crammed. Music and dancing, and so called higher education, followed. The sexes were

herded together in the schools. Plague spots appeared. Heinous creeds, and teachings of indifference to all religion in opposition to all inward cravings, unhinged the children and grew them up top heavy. The youngsters grew into swells. The children of the poor might condescend to use the pick and shovel, but they considered that manual labour should share equal profits or take the bulk against capital and brains, especially where little was realised."

"Woman is man's equal in the higher spiritual manhood. The touch of God in the nature of the virtuous woman is sublimely beautiful. It could only be the coarsest and most brutalized human bloodhounds who would even dare to legislate woman's shame and confusion."

"Death and destruction overtook all who dallied about these incest morasses. Youth sickened and died. The flower of manhood and womanhood faded and demoralised. The aged were demented."

"Drink and gambling filled the earth with violence and crime. Yet Queensland's senators compassed the people's destruction by creating, legalizing, and protecting these foundations of iniquity. The churches cried peace, peace! charity, charity!"

"The topmost foundation tier allured the young by its semblance of innocency. It enticed the weak to haunts of vice. It drew thousands to shame. It protected all the foundation tiers of sin and shame which lay underneath. Smoking physically relaxes and enervates the heart. It lowers in tone and power the digestive system. It weakens the nervous system. It minimizes the manhood. It lowers the brain power. It saps the mind's strength against moral evil."

"These were Mammon's shrines, which the churches nodded to, smiled upon, or fraternized and patronized. These gave amusement for cultured broad cloth men and jewelled women. How unlike the mind of the Great Lowly Christ, who always despised everything vulgar and artificial in life or in worship. To-day the Colossus building of the tower and city of Babel lies a heap of ruins."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE PRESS, THE PLATFORM, AND THE PULPIT.

IT was Sunday morning. The sun was shining in dazzling brilliancy. The vault of heaven was one sea of brightest blue. There was a softness peculiar to the region of the Southern Cross. Not a feathery fleece of cloud was to be seen. The leaves of the gum trees and wattles scarcely trembled in the still air. The brightness of the cœruleon firmament in the quiet of the Sabbath morning, acted as an inspiration to each spirit. We all felt the sacred calm.

Mr. West asked Minister Wilkinson, if he would favour us with a few remarks on the literary and public life of the nineteenth century.

The Minister began. "In the nineteenth century, the great avenues of literary power were the Press, the Platform, and the Pulpit."

"The Press was a great factor in those olden times. It had, perhaps reached the zenith of its power. It swayed the country in its rule. It educated the people for good or for ill. It schemed to plant the finances. It plotted to hold the patronages. It endeavoured to make its smile or its frown law. It sought peace. It coveted power. It aimed at expression. It practised compression. Its policy was largely one of oppression. Its rule, when contributors offended, was suppression. Its whole existence depended on making an impression."

"A pressman was one of the hardest pressed men of the times. Against his will he was repeatedly pressed into press service. He had studiously and diligently impressed upon him the art power of a fawning policy. He was taught to express himself, whenever practicable, as the fawning flatterer. He was commanded to repress the truth, when truth might be suppressed to the popularity and profit of the paper."

"The Press Staff, whatever their private views and opinions, had to repress individual manhood. The newspaper, which a selected staff of press men elected to run, was inaugurated as a political flag to party politics. As press writers daily drew largely on their resources, many wishy-washy articles were offered to the public. The shallows of the editorial brain continuously appeared. After rough political broil and brush, many a newspaper flag proved itself after all to be only a dirty rag. Many incidents contributed to depress the spirits of the Press party."

"Pressmen attacked each other in the camp. They exposed each others weaknesses. They held up to ridicule each others policy. They forgot the nation's true interests in petty party squabbles. They descended from their licensed position as teachers, to become hole-and-corner political caterers. In the struggle for existence, fighting and wrangling largely absorbed their time, and prevented their applying what little brains they had to their legitimate use. As caterers, they demoralized the public tastes by neglecting to prepare and to distribute good and wholesome foods. They ceased to give milk for babes, or nutritious strong meat for men. They hashed up stews. They dished up mince meats, often of questionable origin. They served the most watery broths. In coarsely, rounded vulgarisms they asked their readers to see points and wise ditties."

"To say that the newspaper staff fancied themselves would be unkind. But it must be allowed that they too often sold their brains, their independence, their liberties, and their very souls for money. Gold seemed to bewitch; silver made their eyes sparkle. For gold, the *Morning Gazette* painted a criminal in Sol's gilded rays; and in a leading article arrayed this forger and murderer in a vestment of purest snow. The greatest reprobates of society were daily held up for the admiration of the virtuous, and the innocent. For the paltry price of puffy advertisements, the newspaper directorate, while holding good positions in the Church, chaperoned the turf, bookmakers, gamblers, thieves. While in a scarcely decent glass-covering they cried up the wares of the lewd and the obscene."

"Daily the most energetic of the staff expended largely,



both time and money, in searching for the sensational, the tragic, and the vulgar. Demoralized by this type exercise, the press talent insulted the human intellect, by giving their readers husks and chaff. Every conceivable horror was minced up as a tasty morsel. Lies and fabrications were no strangers to the daily press."

"Fed themselves on food only fit for the swine to eat, talented correspondents expended column after column of horsy, canine, betting and racing, tit-bits, maiden stakes and like dishes, as the people's daily bread. While most disgusting, coarse brutality, seasoned with pugilistic revelry, was offered as dainty desert, It was astonishing to see the immense pains taken in the preparation of an article, debating and discoursing all the points of a most depraved and coarse pugilistic bully."

"Every fighting or racing slut was most skillfully depicted to view, because the proprietors felt that a patronizing public must have intellectual food for their money. Special war correspondents rendered their names immortal by the tragic carnivals of blood which they served out, and by the meleé of crime and depravity which they so skillfully arranged."

"It is to us to day inconceivable how such a chaos obtained in intellectual proud literary circles. It could only obtain even of old, by a system of scheming, worthy such men of letters."

"How often smiling editors offered the clergy fees for leading articles, so as in their joint interests to keep the churches silent! The public were restricted in speech. Letters to the press were mutilated out of all recognition. Religious meetings were just patronizingly noticed as a favour. Half a dozen lines would detail a church anniversary or a popular lecture. It would need as many columns to give the racing and betting details of the turf. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union did protest. One editor politely offered a sop in a column and a half of their proceedings, side by side with the racing news and obscene advertisements; a sermon by an American was thrown in for appearance."

"The women of society were flattered. Mrs. Jones, who was a notorious hen-pecker, and most unreasonable with her domestics, mean and sharp with her tradespeople, and

who lived to underpay, and to work her slaves long hours, was flattered, as a long description was given of 'an at home,' 'a garden party,' 'or a ball,' graciously numbering the press-writer one of her guests. The dresses of the ladies would be described in minutest detail. The wearers, married, or available affiances, were well advertised. Moneyed gentry, however impure or snobbish, were mentioned for a half crown premium, in possibilities or probabilities with marriagable heiresses or younger daughters of rich houses."

"As times hardened, in limited liability, the company's premises were let off for gambling dens, offices for the legal fraternity, (an ever ready present self defence), and no matter what, for cash. Agents, skilled in land-grabbing and boom pricing, found themselves here at home. The whole too frequently had the appearance of a white elephant, struggling in death, yet refusing to die."

"The youth of Australia were educated in heredity by the Press. Namby pamby, small brained dailies trained a population, whose babies demanded one penny and two penny trashy excitable yarns. Silly love tales and adventures sold by thousands. Ennui-dames, and young ladies of the couch, lived on the bewitching, demoralising novel. The whole reading of the age was small, and the medium for giving the greatest rubbish for the money, was, with very rare exceptions, the newspapers."

"In this education, public intelligence narrowed and minimized. The multitude became foolish, fickle-minded and facetious. The national, political, social and religious interests of the nation were to them, *like the primrose on the river's brim*; a primrose and nothing more. Even the Salvation Army laboured to eradicate literary merit from their *War Cry* newspaper."

"The public platform was largely at the mercy of the public press. Rarely the two were in league. Generally the press held the platform in chains. The speakers and actors of stage and platform bought over the press, or else the press bowled over both the platform and the stage."

"In politics the platform was an enigma. It was an effort to sustain a dazzle of light, without an atmosphere. The political speakers strained every power to shine, but resisted every effort to perform real profitable work."



"The stage in tragedy and comedy wasted life in seeking to make people laugh. Wisdom was a draught they knew not how to administer. In full houses wisdom proved an emetic. Shakespearean plays, in small measure, might now and again be swallowed, and were thus occasionally administered as corrective pills."

"The opera gained its best success where medium class music and wild art appeared in fascinating embrace. Rarely a Handel festival or classical concert reminded of nobler harmony and higher heaven."

"Lectures became a bore. A few very small witticisms, as daily seen in the newspapers, quaint drolleries and sparkling rhymes might please for a passing moment. The lecture rooms rarely saw an appreciative audience, if wisdom or knowledge were to be imparted. Although, it must be confessed that black grime-faced Christy minstrels might, on an occasion, attract a full house. Ignorant, hilarious, irrational agnosticisms might momentarily amuse. But the colonists as a whole were dozey in the evening hour, unless excited by the moonlight picnic, the bagatelle art, or the never-tiring cards."

"The pulpits of Australia were filled with the men of the age. A weekly paper said of them: "the ideal of most parsons appears to be to establish a good remunerative, regular congregation, to promote social gatherings among themselves, to build magnificent synagogues, to attend mother's meetings, and deliver good lectures to good young men and presentable young women, and prepare two heavy sermons per week for the enlightenment of the floor—How few clergymen follow the example of their Great Master, *and go down and share the misery of the poor?* While the many use their *profession* (alas! had the discipleship of Jesus Christ come to that), as a stepping stone to social eminence, the few devote their lives to the amelioration and spiritual emancipation of mankind. The church as it is to-day is an incubus, blocking the progress of reform and establishing the very inequalities which it is meant to dispel."

"Great preachers were rare in Australia. Preachers of power were the exception. The pulpit should have commanded the platform and the press in its bidding.

But parsons, who developed into sacerdotal passions, wielded little or no power for good. These men aimed to become a select privileged class. In this mistaken position, for thus without the sympathies and the co-operative efforts of the laity, their efforts proved feeble."

"Many clergy shone in their true gage of light and talent, as they lit flickering candles to illumine the penitent's path to heaven. Others appeared as skilled diplomatists to the creation of their own denomination as an endowed, corporate, property holding body."

"In the early times of Queensland land orders were given to encourage immigration. This was made as all other early day transactions, a jobbery. No care nor discretion were exercised in the selection of suitable immigrants. The mentally, and too often the morally maimed and halt and blind and dumb, from Northern Europe, were enticed by the big bonus of a twenty pound land order. A Roman Catholic Bishop saw his opportunity to increase the power of Rome. His agents visited Ireland. They enrolled the above type of manhood and womanhood, with a few better class thrown in for decency. The bishop travelled all over the colony, took up town allotments in the new townships, with the land orders purchased from the newly arrived immigrants. This was becoming a great diplomatic success, until some of the bishop's own flock honestly warned the powers that were, that Queensland was rapidly becoming Quinsland. Alarm was taken and the diplomacy checked."

"The pulpit in Queensland was banned beneath the white feather. The clergy permitted the Bible, their only true tongue, and pen, and policy, to be expelled from the state schools."

"Patronage of filthy lucre's charms was the shadowy foible which demented and silenced the eloquence and righteous plain teaching of the age. The man who was noble and true was compelled to stand alone. He had to become a martyr. The church was his greatest persecutor. The preacher needed unbounded, inspired courage, before he could dare to face the evils of the age."

"A writer's name was mentioned in the train. A clergyman present remarked that he would not waste his time in reading that gentleman's works. They were most unpopular."



"Just so," replied a listener, "and I admire him all the more for that. Any dead fish may float down with the stream, but it takes a live one to swim up against it."

"Rev. William Ruthers floated with the stream. He needed a periodic quarterly doctor's certificate to enable the Synod, *conscientiously*, to regard him dead enough to float down with the stream. In that anomaly, the certificate carried the sick man's annual pay, while he was thus incapacitated.!!"

"Years before this time, Williams' means of livelihood had been preaching. As he one day tarried in the Garden of Eden, he saw Eve. She was adorned with gold and jewels. William smiled, Eve responded."

"The temptation to the preacher to desert his watchman's post on the exposed coastal tower was most keen. It shook all his moral courage out of him. His understanding trembled in vibratory waves. Why, argued the preacher, should years be spent for small hire in the vineyard, when such golden opportunities invite to flee with the beloved one to the diamond mines and goldfields."

"Could weak-minded man do other than give way? The apple with the world's rosy hue was pleasant to the taste. Holidays were granted as a prelude, and extended in an almost eternal interlude. The annual pay was granted to keep the fins spread on the surface, as the fish floated down the stream. The preacher sailed downward on the stream of time and fashion, supported in the three-fold buoyancy of a new found, wealthy wife, the sickleave fund allowances, and a newspaper editorial of a thousand a year."

"A noble governor gave out the prizes to the higher art classes. The young men and women forgot how to be polite, in the respectful bow, or the graceful acknowledgment. So in the teachings of the press, the platform and the pulpit, every man grew into a bigger man than his master. The sons patronised the pater. The daughters as they played the piano and entertained visitors, sent the mater outside to wash the dishes or scrub out the kitchen."

"Was it any wonder that in the licenses exercised by the press, the platform and the pulpit, Queensland went headlong to ruin."

## CHAPTER IX.

## SOCIETY AND POLITICS.

“**A** Military man,” said Minister Wilkinson, “once divided Brisbane Society into two parts, the *skinnners* and the *skinnees*. No man, said this authority, stood a show in Brisbane, until he had been a resident for ten years.”

“Yet,” said Mr. Greathead, “a beggar boy could rise, providing he worked for the position. Remember Dick Harry. Dick was a poor lad who sought to rise. He joined the Skuvadel Church. He became a teacher in the Sunday School. He assisted in the Choir. He was most amiable at Sunday School picnics.”

“Among the lady teachers was the sister of General Vautvean. This gentleman held a government portfolio.”

“Many young men were polite to this young lady, but none were so persistent and so constant in their attention as Dick Harry.”

“Matters advanced. One day papa caught Dick Harry peeping round the corner. He spoke to Milly about the folly, urging her not to disgrace the family by mesalliance with a plebeian penniless clerk.”

“If I do,” said Milly, “it will be your fault, papa.”

“How my fault,” asked the astonished father.

“Because,” replied Milly, calmly, “I can wait. There is no hurry. The General can easily advance Mr. Harry’s interests. Until instead of a disgrace to the family you will be able to herald a fashionable marriage.”

“Mr. Vantvean, sen., beat a retreat. The General simply obeyed. The young man secured fifty-one pound paid up shares, and was made a Director in the Riling and Aronly Sugar Company. For his services the gentleman drew £150 fees during his first year. Other vacancies were filled by Harry. He was made a trustee of the Maningtree Estate.



He was nominated a member of the Inverell Lands and Works Commission. Until, as trustee, director, and in various office-holding commissions he drew a good annual salary. Then in a flourish of trumpets the papers in two columns announced a fashionable marriage."

"The Legislative Houses would seem to have been large buildings," said Mr. West.

"They needed to be," replied the minister, "seeing the vast cumulus of human folly they were called upon to hide. Very little real wisdom was born there. An ex-M.L.A. acknowledged that a member often talked, so that *Hansard* might report the one thing to his constituents. But that if these latter could have been eaves droppers, they might have heard or seen the same gentlemen, getting at, and bullying ministers at the bar, or in the lobbies, to secure the exact opposite to what he publicly pleaded. In truth, said this gentleman, legislature is not done in the House, but in the lobbies, or in the bar tap room."

"A legal gentleman, whose conscience became awakened, hastened to climb the ladder of fame by fashioning staves of law reform. His confreres twiggged his little game. They slipped the ladder, and our hero fell with a thud."

"One honourable member, who hated law, loved beer. This legislator went in for abolishing tax on beer. What right had the House to rob a poor man of his beer? If the revenue suffered a trifle, it could be more than recouped by putting a tax on the teetotal fanatics. Remember, said this plotter, that a government can have no more faithful slaves than the publicans. Only favour their trade, and they will, at your command, swear that black is white, in your interests."

"Rather, exciting, I guess," said Mr. West, "during an election."

"It was," said the Minister. "Party politics were the most idiotic invention of the darkest shades. They were the best training to pugilistic skill, irate invective, clandestine warfare, or assassin's thrust. The tactics necessary to political place and power were not struggle and wisdom to gain liberty and right for the people. The most skilful fencer, the most able liar, the smartest diplomatist, the most

oilily mouthed deceiver gained the day, and the leadership pro or con, in party politics. All principal, honour, truth and dignified manhood had to be sacrificed for party politics."

"Each party, if strong enough in an electorate, chose a candidate,—not as a rule for ability. The length of the purse, the liberality of distributive will, the social position, and the capacity for making promises guided the wire-puller's choice."

"In the time of election, the candidates addressed public audiences, answered questions, or evaded them, loved their opponents, and pleaded, like hungry dogs for meat, for the suffragan's votes. Every candidate blamed, praised, or excused the past. And he invariably promised the electors to redress their grievances, secure for them local subsidies from the public funds, right all wrongs and create earth a very heaven as the price for their votes. In increasing excitement the people belived the yarns and voted as told."

"A few fights made the hustings lively. The publicans did a roaring trade. Fools talked louder than ever, and argued in party rivalry, as they drank freely and filled, refilled, pressed in the tobacco, and lit their pipes."

"The ballot was a tragic farce, as John Peduuski proved. John was a noted shuffler. He was lieutenant whipper in for the Rollingstone Liberal Government. To ensure success he became a big teetotaler and a big churchman. He was well paid and worked hard. An inventory of the electors was prepared in a mobile of every vote. The impudence of the whipper in, though sad, was most laughable. He was the most consummate schemer. He dared to urge his prerogative of selecting candidates for each constituency. His arrogant dictatorship was most brazen. He led his organized regiments, as the chiefs of the Matabeles, to work his king's will. He left them no liberty even in the ballot. They had to give their promise."

"This gentleman knew how to manage the Protestant churches, and how to gain and give concessions to the Roman Catholic body, *quid pro quo*. He knew how to slate the conservative party, and to paint their leaders blacker than Hades. Yet in the fortunes of war, as the Russian married the Englishman's daughter, this faithful servant of Professor Rollingstone, on that gentleman's



retirement from politics, entered the service as political lieutenant and special confidant, of the man whom of all others he had most maligned. But he was paid to do so." !!!

"The elections over, most constituencies woke up to discover that they had sent a Balaam, a Saul, a Judas, or an Absalom, as their faithful representative to Parliament."

"The story of George and Joe is instructive, and fairly illustrative of the tactics of the times. George's party had been in power. An amount of fencing and cross firing had somewhat unsteadied the corps. George feared that his enemies would carry the fort by assault."

"As he sat over his whisky, disconsolate and thoughtful, Joe exultingly asserted that he saw victory ahead."

"It is my belief," said George, "that we are cooked. '*Great is Diana of the Ephesians*,' is no longer the cry, since the town clerk so pertinently interfered. Dick is slashing us most unmercifully, and is accusing us of leading the country to beggary and ruin."

"Not far wrong, either," drily answered Joe.

"Who can help it in these difficult times," urged George. "What is worse, we shall be financially ruined, if the elections go against us."

"But they wont go against us," said Joe. "You know the South Peruvian Eldorado Banking Company?"

"Rather," sighed George.

"I hear the company contemplate shutting their doors," added Joe.

"Alas, only too true," growled George. "I have already staved ruin away more than nonce. If they go now, I shall get all the blame, and perhaps be pulled for high treason. Such is an ungrateful country, unless you yourself hold the reins."

"Hand the whisky bottle this road," said Joe. "I propose to make the present trouble the leverage to new power."

"Impossible," cried George. "The grog is too strong, old man."

"Yes, for those who are not used to it, but not for this child," said Joe. "Tuesday is the day of the elections."

On Saturday cautiously drop mystical enigmas, carrying the news that the bank may break in certain eventualities. Employ sapient runners to tittle tattle in quarters, where your news will bear fruit. Let Dick and his crowd get wind of it, and believe that they cleverly spy out the news you do not wish known. Dick will in his address on Monday to his constituents, publicly make known his discovery, and blackguard you and the bank. The shareholders and depositors will tremble as they hear Dick running down the bank. They will interpret his action as an attack on capital, banks, and all vested interests."

"In the meantime our runners will insinuate to the tradesmen and others, that if our party is thrown out, the bank will go. You will find that they will vote for you and coerce their employees to do the same, so as to avert financial panic."

"Splendid idea, but rather risky," mumbled George. "We will, at all events, try."

"The bait took. Dick was caught napping. George went in triumphantly. A few days after this the bank went in for reconstruction. Sir Donnel O'Guire swore all the way down the street, damning every unfortunate cabman who chanced to get in his way."

"All candidates could not succeed. The honorable Lewis Lewis of Cwmabafa told his hearers that he had made a fortune. *Of course he wished to assist them to do likewise.* Had senators in the past made mistakes, he knew how to take care of his own business, as proved by the fortune he had extracted. Should he take care of their interests? Some had been in Parliament who ought to have remained out. They should only send in those who had clean hands. He begged to move a vote of thanks to the chairman."

"Stop, Stop!" cried out interrupters, "answer the questions first."

"If elected for this constituency, will the honorable gentleman vote for a bill, making obscene advertisements, however gilded, and gambling advertisements in newspapers, criminal?"

"By the aid of a little prompting by a strong platform, the candidate assured the questioner that such boons were already legislated, and he should certainly support the same."

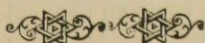


"Thank you," replied the questioner, "And now will the candidate inform the constituents, if as a proprietor of the Rhonda Mountain Express, he declines to pocket the cash received for obscene advertisements, however gilded, and for gambling advertisements inserted in that paper?"

"The whole audience cheered round after round of applause. Hats were thrown up in the air. The strong platform fumbled and fizzed, while the candidate made matters worse, by lamenting the cruelty which led his friend to place him in such an awkward position. As the Rev. Arthur Staines remarked, 'the ball had clean stumped the wicket.'"

"Colonel Sir Thomas Ganders aspired to party leadership. He was returned to Parliament as a Democrat. His knowledge as a lawyer worried the pioneers of the Ross Constitution Bill. The government bribed this astute enemy with a legal commission in the far north. They followed this up with a brief worth a few thousands in the Jingelholme Arbitration Case. Ganders became silent. He quietly acknowledged that he did not care to take any part in a democratic programme, and yet at the same time he promised the labour leaders and others, to ransack the world for all democratic literature, so as to educate the party to battle practice."

"It would have puzzled the old Nick himself," said Mr. West, "to have interpreted the Colonel's politics. And all the rest were about on a par."



## CHAPTER X.

## EVOLVED AND INVOLVED.

AFTER partaking of a light refreshment, we continued our explorations.

Mr. Greathead pointed out the site of the Queensland Museum. This world reputation school of science had developed from the one curio-room, situate just behind the old post office.

The management was vested in trustees. These gentlemen were so skilled in science, as to scarcely know the difference between the *Graphalosauaus commondensis* and the *Jokilandra mesumpis*. In fact a trusteeship was simply a shadow of honour to be given for small fry state service.

The museum was noted for its collection of snakes. It contained fair specimens of the North Queensland crocodile and alligator. The finest known collection of old bones, pre-glacial and post-diluvian was to be found there. Fish abounded. Large glass cases were filled with shell-fish remains. The public were scientifically inclined, by being invited to bring spiders, cockroaches, caterpillars, and other vermin.

"Did the authorities retain the specimens," asked Mrs. West.

"Yes," replied the historian, "but they were soon devoured by the immense army of rats, mice, cockroaches, and other scavengers daily fed at the Institution."

"Here the great Von Winkle evolutioned to a saurian."

"Von Winkle came to the colony a poor youth. It is not quite certain whether he booked as a steerage passenger or worked his passage on the S. S. Billygong."

"In time, no matter how, Von entered the service of Timothy Binks & Co., and eventually became partner."

"Von now rapidly evolutioned. He believed himself to be a scientist. As President of the Orian Elocution



Society he strove to excel. As natural history trustee and professor, he was alone in bigness, so marvellously manifest in its uniqueness. As he sat supremely alone, he became so he considered, the required quorum of five in his own immediate Darwinian personality. As secretary he convened the meeting. As president he took the chair. As committee man he proposed that all scientific rivals be branded as thieves. As treasurer he seconded the resolution, As professor of Natural History he supported the motion, and as secretary and chairman he wrote and signed the minutes of the meeting."

"Experiments in Evolution were being carried on in the city. The Rev. A. Miller evolutioned into Professor Dr. Mi-lard, English, My-Lord. Dr. Tieon became Dr. Tieoff. A collector sent after geological specimens, fled into a far country, in love evolutions with a farmer's daughter. Professor Yorer swam for a shark and exhibited a sprat."

"Von Winkle, beheld. His mind became affected. His scientific knowledge outweighed his brain powers. He saw progressive evolution on every hand, and yet he, the mighty, the proud, the aspiring, was the most unsuccessful progressive evolutionist in the world."

"One day the sad man appeared with shaven face, excepting the few hairs left in Peruvian fashion on the upper lip, a token of progressive flit. His own wife was surprised, and scarcely recognised him. He became a morose, mute, and plagily snappish and disagreeable."

"After a time the evolutionist was missing. A letter was found. It ran, My dear Cousin, I feel very unhappy. You know how attentive Bob has been to me of late. He tells me he cannot bear me to be out of his sight. I am everything to him. Can I help being flattered? The step I premeditate alarms me. I want to escape, but know not how. Bob tells me it is right in the law of evolution. He is childless, lonely and sad. Oh, I would give worlds to be as happy as you. Till to-day a parlour maid—henceforth a lady.—Yours—never to meet again—MILLIE."

Mrs. West gave a heavy sigh.

"Speaking of black fellow and burial," said Mr. West, "I believe cremation was not practised in Queensland in those days."

"It was not," said the minister. "Death and burial quickly succeeded each other in Australia. Sanitary science was not far enough advanced to command laws making cremation legal. It was no uncommon folly to reserve a cemetery, as the Paddington, on the slope of a Valley. The drainage in finding its own level, collected at the foot of the hill. There it formed a nidus for ferment, to create and disperse over the community, or it caused a vegetation, rank and sour, on which sheep and milking cows fed."

"Typhoid, scarlet fever, measles and influenza epidemic germs, were ever present in such districts, to develop more or less, according to circumstances. Yet people failed to see how largely graveyards and cemeteries were answerable for the mischief."

"Yes," said the minister, "to-day we have no graveyards. Everyone is cremated. Certainly sanitary science has advanced all along the line. Epidemics of the zymotic disease are almost unknown."

"The heathenism witnessed in connection with death and burial was most sad. It was simply a cold, selfish superstitious pride, which made the majority of mourners waste scores of pounds in purchase of the blackest crapes, and most costly, gloomy mourning garb. In oft repeated instances the widow and children had to be crushed, and pinched to direst extremity to pay for the mourning. What an inconsistency! On the one hand, deepest mourning: on the other hand, the clergy burying the vilest and the worst, as they pronounced over them, the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life."

"In the burial of the dead there arose the most debasing, demoralizing selfishness in chrisendom. The undertaker's craft was a trade ring. These men in league with the cemetery companies schemed to make a fortune out of Death. Most iniquitous rules were drawn up and enforced. The funeral expenses were piled on in an agony most shameful and impudent. One coarse member of the trade, received an order, contract price, from the police, to bury a poor man. The widow and her six little children were left penniless. The contractor so wrought upon the helpless widow in her overwhelming sorrow, as to get her to promise to pay an extra two pounds as she was able to earn



it. His excuse to the poor woman was that his contract was for six foot length coffins, whereas, her husband measured two inches longer, he would have to cramp the body to get it in, unless she paid him the two pounds privately for the extra two inch sized coffin !!!

"To-day all such selfishness has disappeared. I for one look for a refining fire, to cleanse this corruption. I cannot entertain for a moment a secret panting to commit my body to worms and all vile organisms, to digest it into dust. But I do rejoice to believe that my body can be consumed by fire. I rejoice to know that I shall, thus consumed, be after death no plague to the living. Beside which I know that while my Lord Jesus Christ was subjected to all righteously permitted trials and infirmities, even as we are, yet He was not permitted to see corruption. As the spirit loses all corruption in the refining fire, so the only way to immediately destroy the corruption, and corrupting germ of the body, is by fire."

"As one said of old, the rich followed by a vast display and imposing cortege of citizens, and the poor carried unknown and unnoticed in the pauper's deal box, tendered for by some speculating undertaker, to the same democratic feast of worms, spoke the spirit of the times."

"Queensland," said Mr. Greathead, "was behind the age in all social problems. The hollow and sham and abuses seen in the so-called Friendly Societies produced a conundrum. The Australian system, of including the whole family, grandfathers and grandmothers, in the one medical fee, was most unrighteous."

"I believe," said Mr. West, "the societies cut down the doctor's fees to a paltry pittance. Dr. Jones speaks of a farthing to three half pence average attendance. It was practically a strike of the lower and middle classes against professional skill and status. The evil was bad, but it generated a thousand fold worse wrongs. Commercial respect disappeared where pauperizing contract demeaned the clubs. The doctors cursed and swore, and too often shuffled life and death issues. Medicos were human, and could not show respect, where they received only disrespect and impudence. No medical men of position and talent

would submit to be so victimized. At all events in this instance, democracy lost the golden egg, by its own selfishness."

"But," said Mrs. West, "why did the doctors take the clubs?"

"Because," said the speaker, "in the struggle for existence, there were always elderly men broken down in health, fast men broken down in vice and alcoholism, and penniless youngsters with no experience, who were ready to catch at a straw before drowning. Such men were good enough for the clubs, which, as a matter of fact, could not command the talent and energy of the profession. Those who did temporarily toady, only did it in the hope and expectation of hanging on until able to hang off, and in the opportunity of a fair field for trying experiments and gaining experience."

"But," asked Mr. West, "many lives must have been lost in this unholy arrangement."

"Many," answered the narrator, "thus occupied the cemetery tenure years before their time. While the lodge officials, who were always squabbling with each other, imagined they could force the doctor to do his duty, they were entirely in his hands and at his mercy. He might or might not be a humanitarian. But he was soured in temper day by day. His best success as a lodge doctor, as a man of the world, was to drink with those in power, not to quarrel openly with any, but to train his servants to tell lies to artful convenience, in unavoidable absence from home, engagement in a particular case, &c."

"Dr. Ranowski gives an abstract of a day's work. It was in the extra calls of an epidemic. Patients were many."

"Mrs. Lewis wishes to consult the doctor about her baby. It is six months old. She wishes to know when it will get its teeth. And will it have convulsions?"

"The doctor having warmed wrath with this good dame for wasting his time, rings his bell."

"Mr. James enters. 'Oh doctor, I have scratched my thumb, and I am afraid of lock-jaw. I want you to look at it and tell me if I shall have lock-jaw.'"

"Is that all," asked the doctor.

"Isn't it enough," asks the patient.



"Next patient," rings the doctor.

"Oh doctheur," says a young woman, "father has sent me to tell you, you are to go and see mother, she is very ill."

"Is she in bed?" "No."

"What is the matter?" "Oh doctheur, mother has the toothache and father want you to see her, to tell her if she should have it out."

"The doctor thinks of the four miles distance, and furiously rings the bell."

"A woman enters. "Well missis, said the doctor, and what is wrong with you?"

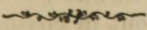
"Oh doctor, I want you to see my daughter. She has a sick headache. Our house is only two miles and a half, at Honk's Hollow."

"Only four miles you mean, answered the medico. I can give you some medicine—there is no necessity to see her for a headache."

"But doctor, you must see her. There might be more the matter with her. And you are paid to come. My master, he told me if you didn't come at once, I was to go and call another doctor, and make you pay for it."

"After this experience, which was no exaggeration of the daily routine of the lodge doctor's life, the doctor resigned."

"Dr. Winnertale was a young medico who strove to become popular by fawning to the lodge patients. He would visit cases three and four times a day. He would weep and sympathize. A case of pleuro-puenmonia occurred. The victim a man, was blistered, treated with morphia injection, calomel and opium, &c., with little skill or judgment. In his delirium the man tore the flesh off his breast. But we forbear. The doctor did the best he knew. The patient died! To say that the doctor himself was a drunkard, inveterate smoker, and opium eater would not mend matters. He was the lodge doctor, and the lodge patients had to take what they could get!!"



## CHAPTER XI.

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SO-AND-SO, ESQ., P.P., J.P., M.P.

IN the evening, at the tea table, Minister Wilkinson amused the party by giving the yarn of So-and-So, Esq., P.P., J.P., M.P.

"Ages ago, no matter when, or where, there lived an ambitious man, who from an errand boy had manufactured himself into a gentleman."

"Space will not permit us to narrate the history from birth of So-and-So. It is unnecessary to say that he was his mother's boy."

"As a youngster he was fat and plump, sadly too fond of making mud pies, and otherwise dabbling in the dirt. His education was somewhat meagre, and he did not shine as a scholar. He was always ready for his dinner, which often taxed his father's brains, and his mother's care to provide."

"In due course he became an errand boy. In time he woke up to business acuteness. He determined to save up his pennies, and to be rich some day. And he succeeded."

"Early in his career So-and-So joined the church. In its teaching he learned to avoid coarse dishonesty. At the same time in its guidance, he became a keen (many thought sadly too keen) money-grabber. He was niggardly even to himself. He reckoned every half-penny saved to be a half-penny gained. But every extra penny screwed, or coaxed, or schemed, or traded out of another person, was special cause of rejoicing. By skinflinting, even to the farthing, So-and-So, slowly at first, but more rapidly as the stream gained force of current, accumulated wealth."

"By exercising severe self-denial, living on a mere pittance, by a hawk-eyed, selfish, persevering, and dogged attention to business, by studying to make profit out of other people's mistakes, So-and-So advanced. But it was specially in a sharp look out in buying the goods of those in



difficulty, for a moiety of their value, and selling them at an enormous profit, that the adventurer was able to *actually run up hill*. In working his employees at a maximum speed for a minimum wage, the racer, for such he now became, actually galloped up to fortune."

"The trader eventually utilized the church to his interests. As money rolled in, friends were periodically exchanged for a better class. The caterpillar often changes its skin as it grows."

"The trading in goods led to transactions in houses and land. The dirty little village urchin had now become a P.P., property proprietor."

"He was proposed for a seat in the Municipal Council, and was created a J.P."

"Crowds of unsuccessful adventurers crawled up to him to do his bidding. One such loafer dared to suggest that So-and-So was just the man who ought to represent the Parliamentary borough of Avondale."

"So-and-So readily agreed. He smiled more, and became more mealy-mouthed, and butter-tongued than before."

"The place seeker now became, in view of the next election, most affable to every constituent whose vote was not promised."

"The Rev. Thomas Sinning requested the aspirant to honours to open their church bazaar."

"The candidate most gracefully consented to do so."

"The day and hour for the bazaar opening arrived. The candidate dressed in a white waistcoat, and new black coat, took his seat on the temporised platform. His hair was well pomatomed, and a nice little curl arranged in front. A diamond pin, a massive gold chain, and a ruby set gold ring, advertised his wealth. In stately dignity, and perhaps a little nervous, the aspirant sat, playing with his watch chain."

"The hall was well filled with ladies who chaperoned, and ladies who were being chaperoned out in this quiet way. Fancy stalls, with an array of dolls, baby clothes, pin-cushions, and nicknacks, scents, souvenirs, and bouquets, were catered by smiling mesdames, and gentle daughters after the fashion of olden time church bazaars."

"The Minister, ascended the platform, and in a well learned of speech, delicately buttered the candidate and facetiously opened the bazaar."

"So-and-So, Esq., P.P., J.P., smiled and bowed, and thanked the audience for the great honour done to himself. He thanked the minister for his too flattering remarks. He always had admired and supported this church whenever opportunity offered. And it should always be his pleasure to assist its finances. He was confident that in this church, judging from the attendance at the bazaar to-day, there were ladies amiable, genial, pleasant and beautiful to command the world at their feet. Wishing them every success in this their undertaking, he declared the bazaar open."

"So-and-So, Esq., P. P., J. P., and his wife were shewn round the bazaar. At each stall the ladies sought to tempt and flatter the amiable patron."

"The Rev. Thomas Sinning, in a side-play conversation, was quite sure, although the church was not a political organisation, yet two hundred to three hundred votes would support their liberal, religious minded patron. Business calculating, So-and-So, Esq., J.P., considered seventy-five guineas for two to three hundred votes, a good speculation. And thus it was neatly arranged that Mrs. and the Misses So-and-So spent twenty-five guineas among the different stalls. How it came to be known is another matter, but it was known, and sounded aloud publicly, that the new Parliamentary candidate had helped to the extent of seventy-five guineas in purchases and subscription."

"So-and-So, Esq., J.P., became very popular in the constituency after the week of the Rev. Thomas Sinning's bazaar. The churches were all in want of funds. The various athletic clubs needed a patron. The Nortanton Young Men's Debating Society wanted a figure head President. The Y.M.C.A. ought to have a building of its own, and So-and-So, Esq., J.P., felt it to be his duty to start a subscription list, with £100. The Avondale Jockey Club, through an agent, received a subscription, signed 'a friend.'"

"If So-and-so, Esq., J.P., was himself a publicly proclaimed tee-totaler, so much the more business reason why J. G. Jenkins, B. A., drinker and smoker, should be hired to



buy up the publican's and drinker's votes. Where Jenkins got his money to stand treat was quite another matter."

"A great public meeting was convened to hear the candidate's views, and promises. Jenkins and others had very patiently coached So-and-So, Esq., J.P. He was to wish for every working man twenty acres of land and a cow. He was to advocate a new line of railway from Avondale to the main trunk at Callamaster. His temperance principles were well known. He was to promise to seek to encourage local manufactures."

"After a studied peroration of fifty minute's length, fairly delivered, the candidate resumed his seat, amidst loud and prolonged applause."

"Even this part had been well arranged, Jenkins having contracted to give three or four young fellows, who were cleverly distributed over the building, a bottle of gin apiece, for their initiative of an equal value sterling of loud cheering."

"The chairman called upon any gentleman who might have any question he wished to ask the candidate."

"Bill Jones would like to hax the spaker if he wud find work for fellers like eeh out ov work."

"Certainly my good man," said the speaker, "I believe Government should be the foster mother of the people, to look after those of us who are a bit sick, through bad times and no work." (Cheers.)

"I would like to ask the candidate," said Mr. Thomas, "whether he is in favour of protection or free trade?"

"Mine," said the candidate, "is a progressive policy. Start your trade and then protect the industry. But, I certainly say, let us have free trade, so as to have commodities as cheap as possible, until we can found our own industries."

John Taldron rose to ask the candidate, "whether he favoured the temperance platform, or the publican's interests"

"The temperance cause," answered the candidate.

"Then," cruelly persisted Mr. Taldron, "how is it that Mr. Jenkins, who is, I believe, your authorised agent, is standing treat for so many drinkers, and is, I understand, doing so much to buy over the publican party interest."

"I have nothing to do" answered the candidate "with any such conduct, and know of no such conduct on the part of any agents of mine."

Here loud cries of "shame, shame."

"But I demand to know" continued Mr. Taldron why a man like Jenkins should be employed by a pledged teetotaler?"

"Turn him out," shouted a voice.

"Excuse me," said the chairman, "this meeting is to learn the candidate's opinions, not any imaginary eccentricities of agents."

"I can prove it," shouted John Taldron.

"Great uproar followed. Cries of, go up on to the platform—shut up,—turn him out,—give him a lemon squash,—treat him to a brandy and soda, came from different parts of the building."

"In the hubbub, Peter Naviski, solicitor, and Dr. Dabins proposed and seconded a resolution, that the candidate is a fit and proper person to represent this constituency in Parliament, and that this meeting pledges itself to do its utmost to secure his return."

"In the midst of noise and disorder, the chairman put the motion, called for a show of hands, and declared it carried by a large majority."

"The meeting broke up in disorder."

"On the day of polling all parties were early and actively at work. Cabs, and all kinds of vehicles, plied incessantly. Party fights increased in number as the hours dragged along. At 5 p.m. the polls were closed. Betting was 8 to 5 on So-and-So, Esq., J.P. Drunken brawls were causing increased excitement in and around the doors of public houses, and the low beer taverns. Windows were smashed in party squabble."

"About 9 p.m. John Jibbins, returning officer appeared on the balcony of the Swan Hotel." He read:

So-and-So ... .. 1842.

Abraham Nathan ... .. 1460.

John O'Connor ... .. 988.

"Great noise and hubbub, groans and cheers, greeted this announcement."

"The populace cried out for the candidates to speak."



"So-and-So, Esq., P.P., J.P., M.P. spoke first. He thanked the townspeople for their honest vote. He was sure it would be larger at any future election, when they would know him better. He would try and do his duty. The battle had been fought with courtesy and fairly, and he would like to thank his rivals for their chivalry of struggle. (Cheers and groans)."

"So-and-So, Esq., P.P., J.P., M.P., now moved in the higher circles of society. His good wife became a small duchess in her way. The children evolutioned. This small beginning eventually blossomed into the ducal house of Warthborough."



## CHAPTER XII.

## A POLITICAL RUSE.

NEXT morning Mr. Greathead entertained his guests, by reading to them an old heirloom family manuscript, entitled *a political ruse*.

Mr. Greathead prefaced his remarks, "Politics of old were a complete farce. Autocrat, so called, divine right, in early times exercised its sum of selfishness. This gave place to party politics, which was more subtle, if less bare-faced. Money, under this dynasty, paved the pathway to Parliament. Olympic race course was not in the running, as compared with this course, for honor and fame. All the dodges imaginable, all the artifices possible, were resorted to, in order to win this prize."

"The political course was always more canny for running after a good wetting, a regular all round alcoholic soaking. My Lord Tom Noddy, aspirant for Parliamentary honours, felt it a great pleasure to ask *his friend*, Mr. William Smith, for his interest. In his estimation his friend ought to have a better position in life. He would speak to his steward, and as this gentleman had assisted him in procuring votes, he would not forget his interests."

"My Lord Tom Noddy, Member of Parliament, was a very different personality. 'Who is that impudent cat, Bill Smith?' asked my lord of his steward one day, who is ever worrying me with his letters. I really don't remember the fellow!!"

"Promises, in Parliamentary elections, were dished up as pie crusts, to be broken. The hand which shook every human paw, as hail good fellow well met, became gloved to the vulgar touch, when in the service of the House. The fair, free and easy, amiable, affable, friend of election days, became the unapproachable dignity, the honourable adviser of Royalty, the feudal knight, the sneaking squire."



"Party politics were the steel wrought chains, in which the evil one held the august assemblies in continuous wrangling and selfishness. The British House of Commons, and all her daughters were like their mother, was a most brilliant assemblage of artful dodgers, purse proud wranglers, polished flatterers, diligent stonewallers, sly manoeuvrers, and fawning lap dogs. These talked for talk's sake, in cunning duplicity of language, polite hatred, and battle, not for the countries good, but for party power."

"These were ever in toil and sorrow. Their time was taken up in efforts to keep the party together. They had to please and reward their friends and followers. Their success lay in checkmating, and keeping out of power their political foes."

"Selfish civilised mannerisms allowed vent to the passions and feelings of the crowd, ere they buried all individual dignity and manhood, in record of vote, as commanded by the party leaders."

"To say that direct open bribery and corruption had dissappeared, might be a broad truism; but to deny that the mendacious art had been perfected and polished, would be a palpable fib. To point out how Tom Trent's wife contracted for the quarry stone, to the Government, might create a smile; or how the Salvation Army higher officers met the Premier at dinner to secure Mammon, might command a tear."

"Did members shampoo each other with dirty suds, the house was legally privileged to use the weapons of libel and scandal within its precincts."

"The blue book was a conundrum. If all the follies, schemes, dodges, and artful mannerisms of selfishness had been faithfully tabulated, blue books would have sunk beneath their own weight of mud, and party politics, ages ago, would have been a thing of the past. Party politics was a curse to the nation."

With this prelude, Mr. Greathead read as follows: "In the year 18—, a deputation of citizens waited upon Paul Lewis, to request him to allow himself to be nominated at the next Parliamentary election for the Ayr boroughs."

"Paul was a political adept. He himself had started the machinery into motion, and so was not unaware of the object of the deputation."

"In character and physique, Paul Lewis resembled a well grown greyhound. He was tall, with a dark complexion."

"In coursing pursuits Paul was being well trained in an attorney's office. He prided himself in stalking by sight, rather than by scent. He rarely barked, excepting at the death. After defeat he at times led the whole kennel in most hideous howl."

"It is needless, to trace Paul's political career. His limbs were always in motion. He was ever poking his nose where it was not wanted, by his victims."

"Ambitious, and a slave to party, Paul often came in first at the death. He won many a race. He outwitted many an opponent. He slated many an enemy. After a brief service in the state chariot he rushed to the front in the opposition benches. The story is a most thrilling one."

"Katz Annowith was a politician cotemporary with Paul Lewis. Katz was a commercial speculator. His character and bearing reminded one of the big mastiff. His black shaggy hair, his thick set jaws, his piercing eyes, his horrid growl, were all well known to his enemies."

"As ruler of the state, Katz believed he had only to growl, to make all intruders and obstructionists fly. Katz held the aspiring Paul in great contempt. Paul thus snubbed determined to lead the opposition kennel, to hunt down Katz. He reasoned, lawyer-like, it is more exciting to run down a wolf than a hare, and a mastiff than a mouse. Great glory will accrue to me and mine if we run to earth and destroy the power of this big bully."

"When Parliament assembled, Katz was simply amazed to find this thin long legged greyhound leading the kennel against himself. The greyhound had great courage and wonderful agility. Whenever Katz growled, Paul was out of his way in an instant. As the mastiff ran butt head, open mouthed, Paul, the greyhound, was away, and nimbly doubling round, tugged at the big dog's sides. Katz gained the name of growler, Paul was honoured as bow-wow."

"One day growler proposed a transcontinental expedition."

"Bow Wow opposed it."

"Growler said it should become matter of history."



"Bow Wow swore it should never be heard of in the future."

"The two kennels fought tooth and nail. They tore each other almost to pieces. Bow Wow accused growler of selfishness in every form. Growler grinned and gnashed his teeth in hideous rage."

"Bow Wow called all the kennels in creation, to learn how that Growler only advocated this expedition for a money consideration. In his best attire, in his smartest running, he appealed to the higher political courts to impeach Growler for impudent lying and corruption."

"Numbers of fighting bullies came up to Bow Wow's help. The struggle became most severe. Growler's legs were so bitten, he almost lost the power of standing."

"At last from some funny cause, not made known to the world, yet familiar to lawyers, Bow Wow left his bleeding enemy on the eve of apparent possible triumph for a respite."

"The battle was pronounced a draw. Growler was rendered incapable, and thus for the time became powerless to pioneer his transcontinental scheme."

"Bow Wow had scored to power and fame. Growler's kennel was made up of bloodhound, carriage dog, bull dog, Newfoundland, a St. Bernard's, and two or three Scotch collies. Bow Wow chose a sky terrier, a fox terrier, some spaniels, a kangaroo dog, a sheep dog, and a poodle. He was thus able to keep his kennel in order, and it was admitted, that from such a cleverly formed cabinet, plenty of bow wowing ought to be done."

"As years passed away, Growler and Bow Wow led their forces to many a pitched battle. At other times one or other of these leaders would try to capture by assault. Sometimes one side, sometimes the other, claimed the victory."

"Each leader was specially noticable, as the satyrist would say, for single-eyed, disinterested party power. Each in his day did a little good for his country. But each did an infinitely greater amount of harm. Bow Wow borrowed millions sterling from a too indulgent, not altogether unselfish mother. Both kennels most lavishly expended this loan, as party power permitted them to lay hands upon it."

"A new cambric dress lay spread upon the lawn to dry. Two puppies in play dragged it with their paws, until they tore it all to shreds. In like manner Growler and Bow Wow fought and played over any measure of real benefit to the country, brought in by an outsider."

"In fight, the two learned more of each other than was quite agreeable for themselves, or the country, to know. Each was a born leader. Each could place his men, and even his women, to the struggle for victory, in every race. Well catered, well armed and equipped, the rival factions fought rather for place and emoluments, than for the present or future welfare of the country."

"Ups and downs, victories and defeats, wounds and bruises pressed heavily on our two heroes. The world acknowledged their claims to fame. Royalty itself lauded those whom the popular voice lauded."

"Reaction always sets in after prolonged intense effort. Growler, in the intervals of party strife, took to whisky, to fortify his flagging energies, with the result that hereditary heart disease and stiff-neckedness became more marked and dangerous than ever. Bow Wow took to brandy. In the imbibition of spirits, he far outstripped Growler's capacity. Nevertheless he grew wofully thin and aged. He became more weird and miserable, until in his lowness of spirits, a detective needed to be provided to guard him night and day, against possible assassination."

"In prolonged dwelling, Mastiff eventually knuckled under. Bow Wow quickly followed his example. The falling fortunes happened on this wise. Bloodhound, Mastiff's Chief, noted his lord's weakness. He aspired to power. In open rebellion he advocated Mastiff's execution. A multitude of accusations fell on the hero's head; at the same time possessions fled, until poor Mastiff fell sick and fled the country."

"For a brief period Bloodhound led an obedient kennel. But soon some of the Collies rebelled. Cash began to be less plentiful. Responsibilities were daily maturing. All the mistakes of past kennels were waiting to be rectified. Hungry animals were periodically howling for meat. The rank and file became disorganised. Capital and labour hugged each other in deadly strife."



"The labour party was a new creation. They aimed to run a kennel of their own. A wolf hound aspired to the leadership. The kennel held a number of poor man's terriers. It also contained some mongrels."

"After Growler's return, all the old fighters felt that it would be ruination to recognise kennel No. 3. Yet in fighting and suffering both Growler and Bow Wow's forces were disorganised. Bloodhound held the forlorn hope."

"In this Cave of Adullam rule, it was suggested that Growler and Bow Wow should kiss and shake hands. In such contract the two could join their fallen forces, and, from the best bred dogs remaining, establish a fairly strong and workable kennel."

"But how about policy," asked Bow Wow.

"Policy be fiddled," retorted Growler. "Have you not had enough policy to glut you for a lifetime. You, the great apostle of federation! Cannot you prove to the country how easily federation is possible?"

"But what would the country say," asked Bow Wow.

"Say," answered Growler, "it is too weak to speak, it is on the borders of collapse, and would be only too thankful to behold us rivals locked in each other's clasped paws. And look here, old man, in hitting so hard and so personally in the past, you and I have wasted the country's resources, and we have just shaken the life, or at all events any little bit of riches we had, out of each other. Ours has been a suicidal policy. Let us now lay down the sword for the plough-share, and the spear for the pruning hook."

"But," answered Bow Wow, "would the country, after all the past, contentedly view us plough-sharing together and prune hooking in wealth."

"Look here, old man," said Growler, "you, like myself are getting old and grey, you know me as a smart financier."

"I do that," acknowledged Bow Wow.

"Then leave the financiering to me, proudly replied Growler. I will leave the billing to you. We will plough up wealth into each other's hands."

"Thus to everybody's amazement, the Growler-Bow Wow ministry ascended into power. Bow Wow was nominal leader, Growler was the actual prime. Bow Wow heralded Growler's old transcontinental race scheme as the

only saving health giving exercise to recoup the country's fallen fortunes. He felt that while years before such a race would have been a mistake, it was a necessity now, to bring back the sick, epidemic scourged kennels into life and vigour."

"Growler kept his promise to Bow Wow. An arbitration scheme was placed at Bow Wow's feet for settlement. Several thousands appeared at the bankers to Bow Wow's credit. The people's effects were taxed by Growler to this object, with a wit and a grace most audacious and strategic. Bow Wow in return saved Growler's life from an attack of dingoes."

"A number of these savage creatures considered that Growler had laid hands on their meat. They flew at Growler, a well armed herd. The mastiff had lost much of his dash, though none of his cunning. Sir Jacob Jacobson laid the old fighter on his back.

"Bow Wow came to the rescue. Sir Jacob was sent into the country for a legal change. A foreign fleet was hired to do service. People really pitied poor old Growler, being almost at the point of death, and on the very brink of ruin. He was carefully nursed, tended, and for a time put to bed."

"A mighty moving stirred the waves of the political ocean. All the doggies were ordered to retrench. At great cost Growler's life was saved. Sir Jacob was suspended in a large available pension. The news made him ill, but discretion being the better part of valour, health returned, as pugnacity fled."

"In spite of Growler's assistance, Bow Wow again got into financial difficulties. Growler saw his opportunity and embraced it, to get rid of Bow Wow, at once, and for ever."

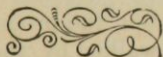
"The old St. Bernard under Mastiff's direction, proposed that since Bow Wow had lingered into immortal fame, a grateful country should provide him a comfortable berth, and an enjoyable pension for life. The Parliament must feel that in the rough and troublesome times ahead, it would be mean to place the burdens of the country on this old and tried servant. Let him in his superior wisdom rule the country to justice. I move that in addition to the ordinary salary, a gracious douceur of a thousand a year be granted for the talents of our worthy chief."



"As this seemed too much a political move, Bow Wow hummed and haed. Little barkers were ordered to make less noise. A few were quieted in the big Arbitration Case. One was paid a few hundreds per annum, to howl in the wilderness the glories of the home kennels. Bow Wow was favoured and flattered, oiled and buttered, until he simply glided out of politics, and left Growler triumphant and alone."

"Growler's wounds healed. Sir Jacob and Wolf-hound tried to shoot the veteran, but both fell in battle. The country went literally mad, and raised Growler up higher, and with greater power than ever, the idol of the people."

"Tradition whispers that Growler and Bow Wow are once more engaged in open and covert fight in distant sphere. But as the report is only tradition, we will, with your permission, allow the curtain to drop."



## CHAPTER XIII.

## REHOBAM'S RITUALISM.

IT was a delightful evening. For three days a westerly wind had been blowing. But now there was a calm.

As we were assembled together, uncertain how to spend the evening, Mr. Greathead offered to read to us a church document, which contained much interesting information regarding olden times.

We all heartily responded, and thanked him for offering us such a treat.

He began: "In the year 18—, good Bishop Thoms, of the Anglican Church, gave a special entertainment to his clergy. The day was to be kept in high carnival. The clergy were exhorted to prepare themselves for the occasion, by long fasting. The bishop wished it to be understood that the carnival was to be the occasion of a secret conclave. The choirs of Saint Joseph, Saint Thomas, and Saint Peter, would attend. Each Priest in his church was to hold early matins. Full choral service was to be held at ten o'clock, in St. Thomas's Church.

"Precisely at five minutes before ten, the clergy arrayed in full canonicals assembled in procession in the St. Thomas's schoolroom."

"At one minute to ten, the procession filed out. The bishop in all his drapery walked by the side of the bishop of Avontree. The clergy walked two and two, according to their orders, each arrayed in full insignia. A cross bearer carried a large silver cross with a precious stone mounted in the centre. Long candles on ponderous silver candlesticks were borne at various points of the procession. The choral boys from the three choirs in white surplices brought up the rear."

"The procession advanced through the vestry into the church, down the one side nave and then round again up the centre isle. Thence they defiled into their several allotted places."



"As the procession entered the church the congregation rose, and bowed the head. After a few bowings and scrapings, the people sat down, and the preachers or speakers ascended the various pulpits."

"Archdeacon Yauls turning half face to the congregation, under the shadow of the three neatly decorated floral crosses on the altar table, mumbled in a low intoning voice—"Wher—rn the wickherd marn, &c."

"The Lord's Prayer, in two different places, was half chanted, half intoned. The collects, prayers for royalty, and other daily prayers were intoned, but with variations. The preacher evidently studied effect, as he breathed forth the first sentences in a whisper, raising and modifying his voice, intoning, mumbling, sing songing, chanting, speaking, now harshly, now naturally, now loudly, now softly, as occasion or whim directed."

"Stainson's service was dramatically given. A special anthem, 'Sing oh Heavens,' which occupied twelve minutes in its performance, was learnedly and artistically rendered by the choirs."

"Bowing to the East, genuflexions before the Crosses, ascetic and reverent gait before the flickerings of the burning candles, and other minor details, played a prominent part in the service. The new attitude manifested the advanced members of the congregation. That congregation consisted chiefly of women, with a very few old men, and a sprinkling of youths, and children. Working men were remarkable by their absence."

"The new attitude suited the women. The pose was angelic. Dropping down suddenly and heavily on both knees, the chin was raised upwards until the head rested on the shoulders. The eyes were turned upwards looking towards heaven. The hands were then brought forward and placed lengthway over the face, the tips of the fingers all pointing heavenward. In this posture the votary was supposed to whisper prayer. In a few seconds the praying one had finished the ceremony, and immediately proceeded to get up, sit down, and gaze up and down on the people, and the scene of the day."

"The sermon was preached by the Rev. William Diggleton, B.A. His subject was the errors and mistakes of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., for some time a faithful servant of the one true church."

"This dignified young clergyman felt convinced that John Wesley was a very good man, until the Moravians, Calvinists, and Anabaptists unbinged his mind. Under the fostering, motherly care of the true church, Wesley had become a great scholar, a learned divine, a perfect saint, a worthy churchman, a polished gentleman."

"But alas, a number of persons conspired together to exalt him above his fellows. He was a man born to lead, and so fell into temptation. The governments of the Georges were too short sighted or they would have recognised his talents and created Wesley a bishop."

"This measure would doubtless have saved a terrible rending asunder from the one true church."

"The past cannot be undone. Let us seek to do all we can to bring all our stray Methodist lambs back to the fold. But while we cannot undo the past, we can learn lessons of warning from Wesley's mistakes."

"First.—Then, as to Wesley's marriage. I think his experience clearly teaches our brethren that the safety of a priest's life lies in celibacy. As long as this good man remained a true churchman, he was married only to the church. When he left the church he married. Alas, alas! the lady plucked him by the beard, pulled off his wig, and treated him most shamefully. I ask this congregation, could any sign have demonstrated more painfully than this, Wesley's mistake. He left his church and got a wife. But what an exchange!"

"Secondly.—I think Wesley through leaving the mother church threw away his best opportunities of communion and union with men of culture and letters. In consequence of this, it appears to me that he had to occupy his mind in lone studies. Hence he appears to have dabbled in medicine, faith-healing and other matters which tended to weaken the power he ought to have swayed as a churchman."



Thirdly.—“Wesley in leaving his mother church found his pathway beset with controversy and strife. He was ever attacking or being attacked. My dearly beloved brethren, if you would have peace, remain in the one true church.”

Fourthly.—“Through his conduct Wesley became an outcast from our fold. It was not until that broad churchman, and liberal minded man, Dean Stanley relented, in the name of the Church of England, that the church forgave his trespass and received him once more into her care.”

“It is not for me, dearly beloved, to harrow up this morning all the mistakes of John Wesley. If he had inherited a little more worldly wisdom, so as to have rightly laid himself at the service of the State Church, he might have been a bishop, or perhaps even an archbishop of our one true church. And no doubt the church and the state would have been the better for his service. If he had given such service, how much better would it have been for the Church of England to-day. Nonconformity even might have fallen back into the fold. Brethren take this lesson home to yourselves—hold yourselves ever ready to service in church or state, only determine that the church and state shall always be the better for such service.”

“Then in the same breath, as it were, followed a low voice intoning a muffled mumbling. Another special chant followed by the choir, and the prayers and benediction as appointed.”

“The clery again formed procession, and followed by the choristers, walked round the church, out through the vestry and back to the schoolroom.”

“The choirs were now dismissed. The clergy proceeded to commence their meeting with closed doors.”

“After prayers were again mumbled, intoned, and spoken alternately, the bishop mounted his throne, and proceeded to business. He addressed the assembly:—Dearly beloved brethren, I greatly rejoice to meet you here.”

“As our dearly beloved brother has shewn us to-day, in his excellent sermon, we must take warnings from the past, and learn forbearance and charity. I grieve over one stray sheep, but I would not move a finger to drive him into the wilderness. The mountains round about Jerusalem

afford ample pasture for a few wayward sheep. Let us learn not to drive these or any of our flock, into the country of Samaria. But more anon. I am still in the agonies of travail to rescue our dear brother, Canon Dilbury, and place him in the very choicest pasture, beside the still waters."

"It is my desire, brethren, to-day to enlist from you free discussion. Our object is to take such measures, or to foster such powers, as shall give us more hold over the people. Doubtless you noticed to-day that the majority of our congregation consisted of women? Why is it? Why have we not got the men, and especially the working men? To-day I hope and pray that our deliberations may lead to practical issue.

"Archdeacon Vilcano now rose. He was a large made man. His face was clean shaven. He wore a sacerdotalist frock coat, and a waistcoat buttoned up to the throat. In church rank he was styled the Venerable the most Reverend &c, The University of Crincrapi had conferred on him, the degree of D.D."

He began: "My Lords Bishop Thomes and Downes, venerable and reverend, and most dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places to acknowledge and confess our sins. To-day, I take it that we are assembled to acknowledge, as a class, the sins of the clergy. I fully confess, that as a body, we have been too easy. We have been too familiar, too friendly with the people. We ought to keep them at a greater social distance, and yet in patronizing regard, we should have taken care to teach them to respect us, to obey us, to support us in our most holy priesthood. Brethren, review our position. Are we respected and feared as we ought to be? Out of the two thousand people who assembled this morning at our grand choral service, what is the total amount of the collection?"

The revered Canon Dolesworth answered, "two pounds, five shillings and one penny."

"Brethren are you not dumbfounded? This large and respectable congregation; these religious women; these people of society assembled to the number of two thousand, and their love to their clergy, to-day, is a trifle over a farthing a head?"



"What is to be done? We must face the difficulty. We must stand shoulder to shoulder and in solid block meet the foe. Did I say you had a congregation of two thousand? Where were your thousands of working men? Where were your merchants, professional men, skilled mechanics, school teachers and tradesmen—I ask you where? Ask them what do they think about us? They tell us straight, they do not believe in us."

"Yet they send for us on their beds of sickness, interposed the Rev. John Spalding."

"Some of them do, but not all, continued the arch-deacon. The women send when they get frightened. Seeing this, what is to be done to get and to keep society afraid of us?"

"Bishop Downes now rose. He said, your lordship and brethren; I fully agree with what has been said. If we are to regain the hold of the people, which the clergy had in the middle ages, we as priests must exercise the priest-craft. (Cries of no, no, from Canon Dilbury)."

"I say, yes, yes. We must act like Rehoboam. We must make the rule of our little finger thicker than our father's thigh. We must practice sacerdotalism in its minutest details. Is it not a fact that the clean shaven face, the dignified pious celibacy, the mumbling converse with the unseen, and grave ascetic dignity, aided by a gorgeous ritual, will awe the people into reverence? Remember brethren, this was the power which enabled the church to set her foot on the necks of kings and emperors."

"It never will again, interjected Canon Dilbury."

"That remains to be proved, continued the bishop. In this power the clergy rewarded those who obeyed, but the church wrecked those who disobeyed. Auricular confession is a marvellous lever;

Get the women's tongues to pour  
All their sorrows in your ears;  
While their secret sins they tell,  
Work upon their guilty fears;  
Who your power and office trust,  
Hold them abject in the dust.

This brethren is your secret power. The people tremble, while you hold the rod over their heads. They fear the rod and knavely cringe to your will and rule."

"Is it possible, interrupted the canon, that a Church of England bishop advocates coercion of the flock by fear in the terror of the rod. Is not this diametrically opposed to the spirit and teaching of the Master, who tells us that His service is *perfect freedom*, that His yoke is easy and His burden light?"

"Something must be done, replied the bishop to win the people for Christ."

"You cannot win by terror, replied the canon. You may bend the neck, crush the will, tyrannize by false superstitious beliefs, and hold women in abject obeisance, but you will never win the heart and all its affections, by fear."

"Lead your flocks in and by the sacraments, interjected the Rev. Joseph Wilmer."

"The sacraments are not Christ, replied the canon. Baptism is a symbol to a dedication, infant or adult. The sacrament of the Lord's supper is a reminder, to bring to our remembrance His death. Neither a dedication nor a reminder will save one soul. The Divine Life alone in the soul can make that soul alive."

"Nevertheless the labyrinthine lights of sacerdotalism throw a brightness of daylight over the pathway to heaven, urged the archdeacon."

"As the golden calf did to the Israelites, when God was forsaken, replied the canon. These are thy gods, they cried, which brought you up out of the land of Egypt. Brethren, believe me, sacerdotalism is a cancerous corruption. Men as they get education generally get too enlightened to be thus deceived. The flashing ritual and high art music may seduce the women, but the men prefer to remain outsiders."

"Confess your sins one to another, quoted the Rev. Aaron Josephs."

"A very good plan, my young brother, agreed the canon. Only play the game properly. Let the confession be as advised, a mutual confession."

"But surely canon, you do not object to celibacy, said the last speaker."

"I interfere with no man's love affairs, said the Canon. If some widower got a sickner of married life, the first time he tried it, I would not be the one to yoke him again in



bondage. If some young cupid has made shipwreck, I am not the one to expose him a second time. Let every minister follow the dictation of his own heart. Only let a public profession of celibacy be a genuine sacrifice. Let the man who piously renounces family life for the church, righteously take the vow, and be made a eunuch for the Kingdom of heaven's sake. But if the brethren here will take my advice, it is, that two workers are better in the vineyard than one. Don't marry hastily. Don't marry foolishly. But when you do marry, marry a princess in Israel."

"How, asked Archdeacon Vilcano, can the church gain back the masses, if the avenues of sacerdotalism are blocked."

"Make the people the church, said the Canon, then the church will love her own. Change the people from the world to become the church, convert their hearts and let them see the ministry, not a class of lordly rulers, but a watchful band of loving servers. The days of ignorance and superstition, when the clergy might rule by fear, are past. Our only possibility of success in these days is to rule by love. As the Saviour's service to us is easy and His burden light, so we ought to hold the people in bonds of love and in service of joy."



## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE BATTLE OF LYTTON.

AT the breakfast table, on Wednesday morning, Mrs. West asked Minister Wilkinson to give us an account of the battle of Lytton, fought December 24th, 1——.

The minister began : “ For years it was the great ideal of certain statesmen in Great Britain to federate the British Empire in one world-wide commercial Zolverein.”

“ Many public men in Australia favoured the scheme. Council meetings were held. Nevertheless local jealousies, contentious politics, and rival selfish interests prevented the consummation of the dream.”

“ The furies of moral selfishness in mens’ souls, were already bursting forth to the coming tempest. In struggles of anarchism, in international wars between nations, Great Britain became embroiled.”

“ In her extremity, she called upon her colonies to arm, and send a contingent of twenty thousand men into the field.”

“ For years the patriotism of the colonists had been waning. The British born were more or less true to the old home. The Native born, politically trained by the A.N.A., practically knew little and cared less for old England’s shores or Auld Lang Syne’s braes.”

“ Envy was created by the regulation of Great Britain’s navy service, in which Australia felt herself relegated to a back seat. The colonists never forgot the selfishness of British money-lenders, who first took an exorbitant interest for their money, and then finished by drawing millions in at a time of commercial crisis. Self-preservation was the casting vote which decided the colonies to decline the honour of sending an army to active service.”

“ Great Britain had learned wisdom in olden time transactions with her American colonies. She quietly denounced, and then renounced her ungrateful daughters. She withdrew her warships.”



"The colonists, now thrown on their own resources, wasted time and capital in envious squabbles and class jealousies. They increased the Volunteer and Defence Forces. They built and bought heavy gunned ironclad men-of-war. Each colony had its own distinct line of policy. Protection and free trade provided a bone of contention intra and extra Colonial."

"North Queensland demanded separation. Deceived again and again by the canny promises of the different governments in power, the Northerners sought to carry matters with a high hand."

"The Shielder ministry was becoming daily more unpopular. The Ninnakin opposition benches held men who were best at drink, vice and fisticuffs. They had once held office for a short tenure. They determined, by fair means or foul, to oust the ministry. They promised the publicans to knock five shillings a gallon duty off spirits. They covenanted to remove all taxation from beer. They agreed to bring in a bill to legalise Sunday trading, and another to abrogate prohibition, excepting in contra compensation clauses."

"The North Queenslanders were urged to wave separation for a brief period. These were assured that, if they returned the Ninnakin party to power, all restrictions would at once be removed from the labour traffic. Each boat and crew, in such freedom, could recruit, get all they could lay hands on, and make the best marketable price possible. Self government was in secret conclave granted to North and Central Queensland."

"The publicans worked hard. All the wee drop drinkers were commanded to support the Ninnakin candidates. The Northerners voted for them, almost to a man, with the result that this opposition party became the party to power, in a vote of two to one of all the constituencies."

"The Shielder ministry resigned. The Ninnakin ministry occupied the Treasury benches. But they were slow to redeem their promises. Pressure was brought to bear, and bills giving the publicans all they asked, and another legalising the man traffic, were rushed through both houses. The president, against his will was coerced, to give his consent, and the bills became law."

"Victoria and New South Wales took alarm. Each remonstrated with Queensland against a retrograde drink trade and slave trade. Piles of red tape correspondence followed. Queensland did not really believe that the Southern Colonies would seriously interfere. Hence as she was pushed to extremities, she became insolent and defiant. Feeling ran high. The allied colonies proclaimed war."

"Lytton was the point of strategy. The fortress defended the river. Many hundred thousand pounds had been expended on the Queensland soldiery. It had been almost wasted. The excessive use of tobacco had enervated officers and men to a painful extent. The least exhibition of real danger brought about nervous heart palpitation."

"Immediately war was proclaimed, government made a great to do. Parliament claimed urgency to hurry through a bill for £5,000,000 war material. Volunteers were invited. Numbers volunteered, induced by promise of a selection of land. General Conespieire, who had never seen a battle, was placed first in command, Colonels Grant, Villiers and Fox were the leaders of divisions."

"The Telegraph and Telephone were kept at work night and day. Special trains were run from the inland towns to fetch down the troops at once to Brisbane. The local magistrates were ordered to swear in volunteers."

"Torpedoes were placed all over the channels commanding the mouth of the Brisbane river. The buoys were taken up. The men were formed into companies, and drilled as they arrived in the capital. Business was suspended. The banks sent away their bullion for safety. All was excitement.

"Fresh earthworks were thrown up round Lytton. The enemy was not expected within a week to ten days. It was decided to send an attacking force of 5000 horsemen southward to distract his forces. These were to act in two columns, in support of each other."

"The New South Wales people were fortunate in having an acknowledged tried general as their commander, General Churchill. He had seen much active service in foreign fields. A man of few words, he always acted with precision. Unostentatiously war preparations had been going on. Trained military picquets were placed on the



border. A body of paid spies were distributed over Queensland. By a series of cryptographic memos, known only to the staff and agents, the general kept himself abreast of Queensland News."

"The towns and villages on the route of the Queensland attacking forces were apprised of the danger, and enabled to make the necessary defences. The New South Wales mounted volunteers were ordered to harass the enemy."

"General Churchill had learned that the officers of the Queensland army patronised lady parachutists in Sunday entertainments. He therefore, on this information, engaged the services of half a dozen well-trained, pretty looking parachutists. They were to have £800 a-piece on condition that they successfully, and without suspicion, entertained the Queenslanders."

"These ladies were rusticated at a station just within the New South Wales border. A couple of days before the declaration of war, a telegram was sent to them to advance. They started by the next train to Brisbane."

"On the following evening they gave an entertainment at the new Exhibition Building. They sailed along the ceiling, guided by a rope, and then gracefully descended into the central arena amid the plaudits of an excited audience."

"The fame of these ladies was in everybody's mouth. Those who did not approve, kept their mouths shut. The fair ones received an invitation from the officers to visit Lytton. In the midst of great pressing, and almost worship, they *reluctantly* agreed to give an entertainment on the next Sunday afternoon, at half-past five o'clock, as then the sun would not be too hot."

"The entertainment was to be kept a secret. Some of the men might be a little inclined to be rebellious against playing games on Sunday."

"The officers in the preceding week gave a military ball in honour of the ladies. General Conespierre danced with Mademoiselle Phillips, while the colonels and the staff officers led off with the other ladies. Major Quickenston declined to dance, whereupon Mademoiselle Damerelle gave him the most bewitching little look, but all to no purpose."

“General Churchill knew of the ball and of the arrangement for Sunday, and arranged accordingly. By his orders the Agincourt and Terrific, with the gunboats Dacre and Vaudeville were to lay fifty miles out at sea N.E. off the Brisbane River.”

“As commanded, on the Sunday morning, they quietly began to steam toward the coast. Three land parties were advancing by forced marches to meet at Lytton. While the centre column was the real attacking force, the flank columns on either side were marching in co-operation. That to the right was keeping near to the coast so as to seize all sentries, and cut the telegraph and other signal wires. The other column was to advance more inland, but to keep under cover until otherwise advised by pre-arranged signals.”

“Everything seemed to favour the attacking party. The Aurora and Rockton ships of war had gone North for troops. Three pilots who knew the channel of the Brisbane river, and the whereabouts of the torpedoes were mysteriously in waiting for the boats of the gunboat Dacre.”

“The Lytton garrison, on that Sunday morning were marshalled to morning parade. Religious services were conducted, at which the men were present.”

“At 2 o'clock the bugles were sounded, ‘to arms.’ Mademoiselle Damerelle had not forgiven Major Quickenston for the slight with which she considered he had favoured her. She told the General with whom she was a special favourite, that it would make her quite nervous if the Major accompanied them.”

“Could the General refuse such smiling eyes, and such pretty pouting lips ; it was against his better judgment to leave a young officer in sole charge, and it would be fatal if the camp really should be surprised. But then he had heard nothing of the enemy, excepting that a corp d’armée were marching from Newcastle, and the Queensland troops were well forward to oppose them. Thus arguing, the General let the pretty demoiselle have her own way, and so while 2400 men were marched away, only six hundred were left under the Major, who was only a novice in military matters, to guard Lytton.”

“The men shouldered arms, and marched in divisional order, under the supreme command of General Conespierre.



The right wing was placed under the command of Colonel Fox, the left was led by Colonel Grant, while the rear was brought up by Colonel Villiers. The cavalry, two hundred and fifty strong, were under Lieutenant Colonel Anderson."

"The men were all excitement,—some who had not prayed for years repeated their prayers before they started. The march was under sealed orders. All believed that they were going to attack the enemy in a secret surprise."

"After a hot march of six and a half miles the men arrived much exhausted on a cleared plateau. There they were commanded to halt. A series of minor, acrobatic entertainments were then given by the ladies, who had been driven to the locality for the amusement of both officers and men. Punctually at half-past four, according to an arrangement previously made with the agents of General Churchill, two of the ladies went up in a balloon. The wind favoured their flight; the balloon passed over Lytton and was well seen by the New South Wales and Victorian detachments on land and sea; the ruse was a success."

"At 5.30. sharp, a parachutist lady ascended alone. The men on bended knee, in the thousand yards firing attitude, gazed on the ascending fairy. From a height of 2000 feet the parachutist descended. A Victorian officer, with good field glass, saw the machine fall. At this moment by a touch of a button, he set a system of electric machinery into motion. This gave a series of signals with such accuracy, that as the Brisbane band commenced to play, "See the Conquering Hero Comes," the first shots were fired into Lytton. The men heard the reverberating thunder of the cannon. The officers had not the courage to throw the bouquets of flowers at the triumphant fairy's feet. Every face blanched."

"For a moment the commander-in-chief sat his horse as if changed to a statue. But it was only for a moment. The increasing volubility of the cannon's roar told him that it was time for action. A council of war was held, but all seemed paralysed. One captain of division ventured to suggest that as Lytton was bound to fall, the next best thing to do was to fall back on Brisbane, or some strategic point near the Hamilton quarries, there to throw up earth-works, to form ditches, to get ordnance sent down from

Brisbane, and to fight like tigers, if possible to recover liberty and a honourable name."

"The General swore and raved at his subordinate's insinuations and reflections. Colonel Villiers proposed that the cavalry should ride off post haste and reconnoitre. That they should avoid engaging the enemy, excepting they should find themselves sufficient to battle with his numbers. In the latter case the main body would come up as rapidly as possible; in the former case the scouts were to come back and explain how the ground lay."

"This advice was acted upon; the cavalry rode straight off; the infantry were drawn up, addressed, urged to valour and duty, and then received the command, right about, three quarters face, quick march."

"In thirty-two minutes fresh firing began. The cavalry had been taken in an ambush, not two miles from the camp. They fought well, but were cut off almost to a man."

"The infantry heard the firing. Colonel Villiers, who was a young man of great dash, who had been a rising barrister, and alas, a too often rising, member of parliament, could not be restrained. He rode to the General, and urged that the infantry forces be ordered to push on at the double quick. If, added the Colonel, we make a brilliant charge, and drive back the intruders, your position, now addressing himself to the General, will be confirmed. If we fail, we will have done our best, and proved our bravery, if it be only in raising up the dust. Some of the other officers agreed with the Colonel. The General had his own opinion, but as his officers wished it, he gave the command, and the infantry proceeded, 'double quick march.'"

"After dealing accounts with the cavalry, the ambush companies spread themselves to outflank any approaching enemy. Their forces were arranged as to allow the forward march of the centre, but at the same time to outflank and attack on either side, and simultaneously the right and left wings. A small reserve was left to deal with the rear column."

"The impatience of Colonel Villiers was fatal. The army marched in a most irregular line—the centre was much ahead of either wing—the right was fully five hundred yards behind the left wing; the stragglers were many."



"As the mounted officers urged their men forward, they tried to respond ; but they were only men, and nature would assert herself. The double quick showed less and less vigour, and less and less dash. It gradually slowed, until the men, heated and panting, were only doing a walk."

"Silently the ambushed warriors allowed the centre to advance, the right wing to march onward, and the left to pass completely into the trap. Mysteriously at that moment a bugle sounded. The men looked whence the sound proceeded ; the left wing had a command, left quarter face, present, fire. They fired into the bushes in the direction of the sound. Almost simultaneously, the occult troops poured volley after volley into the ranks of the now bewildered Queenslanders. General Conespierre fell from his horse mortally wounded, as he was giving the order to halt and lie down. This order had come too late ; for immediately in front a new body of the enemy had appeared. Colonel Villiers ordered his men to the support to open fire. They did so, but both wings and centre were now lying on their faces erratically firing at a hidden enemy."

"A company of field artillery, at this juncture, appeared on a spur to the right. They fired into the ranks of the prostrate men. Colonel Fox bade his soldiers rise, and charge the field battery with the point of the bayonet. A company of Victorian Cavalry intercepted them, and Colonel Fox fell dead."

"Colonel Grant, now rushed to the forlorn hope. He brought his men up to the support of Colonel Villiers, with a hope to force a way through, if necessary even for flight."

"The battle waged fiercer and fiercer. The troops in ambush took the division in flank. The rear guard turned and fled, but were sadly mowed down by a regiment of N. S. Wales cavalry. The ambush party were very bitter ; their bugle sergeant had been shot down in that first volley, and many of their comrades were killed or wounded. Colonel Grant fell wounded, after having two horses shot under him."

"Behind the vanguard of the army, a regiment of cadets were coming slowly along, frightened to hurry forward, but afraid to flee. A Victorian corps faced them."

"These men would not fire at the children, but held up to them a white flag. They were told not to fear, but to ground their arms, and to go back to the camp to supper and quarters."

"The Captain in command, Captain Edwards asked of the fortunes of the day. Colonel Wilkinson told him that all their friends were killed or wounded, excepting five hundred taken prisoners, and a few who had fled. He gave his word of honour to the officer that the lads should be safe. The corps surrendered."

"It afterwards appeared that Major Dickenston, who had been left with a garrison of six hundred and forty men in Lytton was not in the least expecting to have to put into exercise his power of command. When therefore, at half past five on the Sunday evening, shot and shell came pouring into Lytton, he was at his wits ends what to do. He consulted with two sergeant majors and a number of petty officers, but different counsels were put forth in rival claim, the infinitely more to bewilder the poor Major. He sat down and cried."

"Some of the petty officers did their best to bring their men up to man the guns, but most of the artillerymen were away."

"The ships of war did terrible execution. Leaping over the earthworks, the advancing forces killed numbers of the defenders. Some stoutly, and to their best judgment, bravely resisted, but matters were getting worse and worse for the defenders. The firing in the bush had almost ceased. The cavalry had returned victorious."

"At this moment Major Dickenston felt like Napoleon III. The battle was practically lost, why allow his comrades to be killed for no purpose. He sent a flag of truce, and firing being suspended, went himself to see Colonel James, the officer in command of the storming party. It was agreed to give up the fortress, and for all to surrender as prisoners of war."

"By nine o'clock at night the terrible battle was over. It was afterwards found that the allied forces had lost 300 killed, and 674 wounded. The Queenslanders had lost 600 killed, and 2000 wounded, prisoners and missing."



"The allied armies left a garrison at Lytton, and marched forward for Brisbane that same night. The men-of-war, and the gun boats proceeded cautiously up the river."

"Brisbane was in a ferment; a meeting of the ministry was hurriedly called. The firing had been heard in the town. Refugees had come in, terror stricken, and had represented the enemy at about half a dozen times the strength he really was."

"The chief secretary proposed that the parachute ladies be sent to flay with Joan of Arc."

"The minister for railways, said there were trains or engines at the honourable member's service, as he would have to catch his ladies before he could splice them."

"The chief secretary explained that he wanted them for the purpose of flaying, and not for splicing."

"But I thought, said the naughty minister of railways, that one of the ladies was a personal friend and visitor."

"The chief secretary said he would not be insulted, and moved the previous question."

"Hurriedly it was decided to enrol volunteers, and to fortify the Houses of Parliament, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Esau. The different shires were telephoned to, to send down their own carts, loaded with bags of sand and small stone to the Parliament Buildings."

"By noon next day, four thousand men of the Southern armies had taken possession of Brisbane. They had met with practically no opposition on their way up. A few men had congregated at the Powder Magazine, Hamilton; but a shell dropped from the Agincourt had blown up this magazine, and killed a number, including women and children."

"On Monday afternoon, the Houses of Parliament were summoned to surrender. For reply they fired at the allied troops. A second battle seemed eminent."

"The invaders brought up some large pieces of cannon, and in a marvellous brief period, the place was in ruins."

"As evening came on, matters got worse and worse. Before the invaders could lay hold of the reins of government, the working men of the town had seized the public houses. General Churchill was notified that the mob were drinking heavily. He calmly replied, 'let destruction work

its own ruin.' He sent round a notification to the respectable inhabitants to flee, and as far as possible secure their valuables, and therein promised them protection up to ten o'clock, as he feared a riot of the populace. Some fled, but others vowed they would hold to their property, in spite of all."

"The allied armies retired to their ships and to the Botanical Gardens camping ground shortly after ten o'clock."

"As the grog shops were being emptied, the working men were being filled. A sort of frenzy seemed to seize the people. Queen Street was on fire in three places, other incendiary fires flamed forth, and before twelve at midnight, the city was in flames in all directions."

"There was some desultory fighting, but Queensland was crushed."

"The North, West and Centre sent in their submission. They all laid down their arms."

"A Colonial Convention was called, when it was felt, as in the German war, Australia as Germany, must be united. And thus it is that from the ruins of Brisbane arose united colonies, the United States of Australia."





## CHAPTER XV.

## OLD BRISBANE ODDITIES.

NEXT morning at breakfast, Mr. Greathead read an extract from a novel. In it the author gives a description of a few types of Brisbane Society. He says: "Lady Mary Holdane invited me to an evening party. I accepted the invitation."

"Dancing began at ten o'clock. I did not dance."

"Lady Mary, noticing that I was somewhat lonesome, courteously commenced conversation.

"Her ladyship informed me that she did not believe in dancing. Her soul was religious. She thought that dancing, and all its addenda, hindered piety. Yet since her husband had got his baronetcy, they were asked to come out into *Society*. But if I had known the cost, I do not think I should have consented. Peace of mind, and spiritual rest have fled."

"Was that your carriage and pair, in which I saw your son and daughter this afternoon, on La Grand Parade," I asked.

"Probably. But, Sir, I tell you (here her ladyship squeezed out two tears), and wiping her eyes with a brodered cambric handkerchief, a la triple extract. I felt far happier when we kept our first little store. If we did sell pennyworths of tape and cotton, it was more honest than transactions in land and properties. Then we were happy, because we were true to humanity. But when it came to squabblings and scramblings for the prizes on the Exchange, we were truer to self than to humanity. Dick is pretty keen, and a favourite of the present ministry. Pardon me, Sir, I ought to say Sir Richard. But in speaking to you, as I feel I can, it comes more natural to say *Dick*."

"In those days I could run in and help a poor neighbour. Suffering makes the poor wondrous kind. But to-day, if I do sympathise, it appears a fawning patronage, in spite of myself. One has to dress so, and you always feel afraid of soiling your costly dresses. I hate the fawning flattery one gets. It is unreal. It is simply the bowing the knee to Mammon. I often think that money, pride, fashion and selfishness are the amalgum key which opens the entrance into society."

"I think," I replied, "I see your position. You are in society and you know its hollow sham. You are invited to the ball. Your husband is made a steward. You tremble, you fear to malign your principles, but you are out in society, and you must not offend the world. And so you go to the ball, you don't dance, but you bow to the prince of the world—he asked the Master no greater concession."

"You are severe," Sir, "answered the lady, as her colour rose. My husband is a good man. He gives away five hundred pounds a year to the church and poor. I am fairly worried out of my life. My health has suffered, so many people consult me in their troubles, and I am so sympathetic."

"At this moment the lady, seeing the Hon. William Smirkers, whispered, I will introduce you, so-so—"

"The gentleman was introduced as a poet, explorer, scientist and play actor, who had immortalized the hills, rivers, lakes, and blacks of Australia. Poetical license and mythology yarn tune his lyre."

The gentleman bowed.

"Falsehood, the poet never lies  
Standing, but when it fits,  
Oh, list the song of black man's sighs,  
The nulla nulla wits!

Bold Bacchus fills my brimming cup,  
Fair Venus smiles on me,  
Minerva had my bringing up,  
And Juno suckled me.

My harpsichord shall tune a yarn,  
I never told a fib,  
I never even swear a darn,  
So oily, smooth, and glib.



On Bellender, the tops of trees  
Were impressed by my feet.  
Caroomba was the evening breeze,  
With fairies bright and sweet.

The Mangosteens were my delight,  
As with the gods I fed ;  
In joyous song my heart was light.  
My food the angels bread.

Yerongasteen where spirits bright,  
The blacks of Mooroo Mooroo ;  
Wooldalba piled on Pelion's height,  
Ossa on Sooroo Sooroo.

And yet Australia's golden rays,  
Refuse on me to shine ;  
I wait till men, in wiser days,  
Shall canon me divine.

"I never blow, continued the poet. I simply tune my lyre. But when in the company of the gods, the inspiration falls, I must sing. Oh ! those butterflies, unknown to mankind until I beheld them far above earth ! Oh ? those ambrosial fruits on which I fed ! Those giant dragon flies, what fit companions they were for the fairies !! But that Bower bird, heaven's beauty had touched its wings !!!"

"You made a lot of money out of your new fruits?"

"Yes," answered the poet, "wish I had not, for none of the seeds ever germinated. But I wasn't fool enough to return the cash when I got it."

"Were eight and ten foot blacks, and whom you believed to be the last of the Amalekites found here, asked doctor Caballo?"

"Never mind where I discovered the lost tribe," said the poet, "my word they just had a grand lot of new weapons, hitherto unknown."

"Did the Brisbane cunning workmen manufacture any ? I hear, continued the speaker, that you are a necromancer, wizzard and mesmerist. Will you decipher the future of the colony?"

"With the greatest pleasure, replied the poet. Venus rises at eighteen o'clock ; Neptune rises at ten minutes past three ; Jupiter and Mars are in apposition at thirteen twenty-nine ; Saturn crosses the course of Venus at nine

o'clock ; cyclones ahead ; a hurricane off New Caledonia ; monsoons over Northern and Central Queensland ; several terrible murders and suicides will be heard of ; numbers will be touched with madness ; dark clouds gathering ; two black devils fighting ; seven banks shaken to reconstruction ; two premiers impeached !"

"Hallo, Pills, cried the poet, addressing Professor Weston, how did the little trip up the river pay."

"Splendidly, replied the doctor, and I got up a dance for the young people. also lectures on bandaging, nursing, and ambulance work. They all paid."

"You must be the most popular doctor, queried the poet, left in town. Why don't you go in for the coronership?"

"Ask Sir Peter Phelo, smiled the professor."

"Sir Peter replied, that because Coroner James once got drunk, he felt it to be his duty to annul the office. He had seen his mistake ever since. The substituted magisterial enquiry was a farce. In its workings, tragedy was changed into comedy. Only last May, Vercator, who was suspected of foul murder, was subjected to a magisterial enquiry. He had a stepson aged eight years whom he hated. At eventide the neighbours heard blows as of some one unmercifully beating another. They soon ceased. Next day a funeral left the house. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, mums the word."

"But the neighbours rebelled. An enquiry was ordered. The police—ahem ! A distant resident medico had given a certificate of death. The enquiry was held. Red tape tied bundles of paper were the sole outcome."

"Another case is noteworthy. An infant fed on sugared water mixed with ants and dirt, died from starvation. A noble young medico gave a certificate that the cause of death was ophthalmia. Whispers leaked out. The drunken mother was arrested. An enquiry was held. The case was sent on for trial. But the Hon. Peter Validski could not allow the fair fame of Dr. Shotcorn to be sullied. And so he exercised the prerogative of Grand Jury and found no true bill."



"We were now summoned to supper. I had the honour of escorting Lady Mary. It is so nice she said, to have such a number of intellectual friends. The Bishop called last week and invited me to call and see his daughters. The Wesleyan President makes our house his home. Dr. Vatskillie always has his little joke when we meet. There is that horrid Dr. Davison. As I told the premier last time he lunched with us, why give all those commissioners and Yankee foreigners, thousand of pounds a year, when we have better and more sensible men at home. He said it was a shame, but was the work of a former ministry. Fancy, the Rev. Doctor took a girl to the races. He goes to the theatre to learn oratory and elocution. I hear his wife is jealous, and I know Mother Wilson talked to him straight."

After supper I departed.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE WARRAWEE REFORMED CHURCHES.

MR. Greathead entertained us in the evening, by giving us the story of the evangelical churches of Warrawee.

"The two churches in question, cost a fabulous sum. Their towers overlooked the city."

"An extraordinary church meeting had been called. The matter in hand was of unusual moment. Radicalism had taken the pew, and crept into the official ranks. Its voice denounced one of the pastors as a too expensive luxury. A number of the congregation desired his removal."

"The pastor *pro forma* had resigned, but called a church meeting to accept or decline his resignation. The ruse was cleverly manipulated. A number of outside subscribers, private friends of the minister, who paid their guineas, but rarely worshipped, were summoned to this church meeting, as voters."

"The pastors were present. The Rev Dr. Quorrell, was a portly specimen of humanity. The Rev Jonas Masters, M.A., was as thin, as his brother was corpulent. He looked every inch a priest."

"The Rev doctor was a terrible yawner. His soul rejoiced to take its ease, mid barns and plenty."

"Among the church members summoned, to adjudicate on the question of the pastorate, were some of the most worldly men of the day."

"Lord Puledon was an ex-premier. This gentleman was oftener seen at No. 4, Avean Lane, early in the morning, card playing and whisky drinking. In answer to the good doctor's earnest solicitations, he attended the church meeting."



"Dr. Opraham was a fashionable medico. His bad debts were debited to secure his entrance into heaven. His goodness to the poor was held up as an atonement for his sins."

"The Rev. Virgil Pewens had been ordained a minister. Once a priest always a priest was his creed. He had married a wife with a long purse, and preferred business risks to the uncertain smiles of criticising congregations."

"Sir Thomas Discrepens was manufactured into a parson. He felt himself unfit for the position and resigned."

"John William Lewis, Esq., was a rich draper, who acted on the motto: You scratch my back, and I will scratch yours."

"Sir Anthony Adams, Q.C., strove to make people understand that he never told fibs, never even acted a lie."

"Mr. Jones Johnson had been a missionary to the South Sea Islanders. Becoming unsettled in his religious belief, he resigned his position and commenced to trade."

"Sir Thomas Thomas was a very naughty youth. To the end of his days, he was noted for being lawless, even in legalities."

"The above gentlemen, with others present, came prepared to vote for the doctor."

"William Withers was an old deacon. He had been a lay evangelist. All his services to the church had been given free."

"Robert Prothers was the Sunday School Superintendent."

"George Manfield was a working man. He was a lay reader."

"Samuel Winnister was an elder. He was leader of the cottage prayer meeting band."

"The above four brethren had signed the requisition to dismissal."

"After devotional services, the Rev Jonas Masters took the chair. He apologised for the occasion. His friend the doctor, who has faithfully served them for nearly twenty years, was the object of the conspirator's dart, the assassin's thrust. He would now request the requisitioners, to assign their grievance."

“George Manfield replied; the bible teaches us that all men are brothers. I belong to the labour party. The doctor has snubbed myself and friends. He favours the moneyed members. He goes in for ministers holding property. That I regard as wrong. A minister of Jesus Christ should in the spirit of love go forth without purse or script. Mankind are only stewards. The clergy are stewards of the gospel. Property holders are stewards of wealth. The property steward is responsible to God and to mankind for his employment of the talent. It is not his absolute right, to do as he wills with it. It is only his relatively, to do his duty to humanity. So the steward of the gospel. As the doctor seeks the double stewardship, I ask him to resign his pastorate.”

“Robert Prothers replied, I find in the Sunday school work that the influence of our pastor is not good. Where are our conversions? We listen Sabbath after Sabbath to moral expositions, and a christianised churchism. Call on the preacher in a morning. In a languid ennui he is reading the newspapers. Call on him in an afternoon, he is unconsciously snoring. Call on him in the cool of the day, he is taking a drive in his phaeton, and smoking his cigar. We want a minister baptized as the Good Shepherd, to loving service. Sinners are trembling in the cataclisms of the times. We want workers, men of power. The time of useless, scarcely ornamental figure-heads, has passed away. As we desire a living church, I urge the removal of a dead pastor.”

“Samuel Winnister replied, too many of our clergy are bread and butter men, formalists, wordlings, and popularity seekers. They are adepts in the pietism of the age. They are not the hurrying evangelists of our Lord, travelling, as for life, from city to city, or from house to house in a stationed city. They fawn to and flatter moneyed people. They bow to the world for favours. They stipulate for high pay. Twenty thousand pounds for salaries, &c., and as much for buildings have been disbursed in the past twenty years, and where are we to-day? Are there any who rise up and call us blessed? It is time we ushered in a bloodless revolution.



Our pastor has surely earned a long holiday. Let him have a change. It will be better for all."

"William Withers wept as he rose. The old gentleman said, I have long been pained with the worldliness of the church. The spirit of anti Christ was set up, versus Christ, when the reform synod passed a law that none of its ministers should receive a stipend of less than three hundred and fifty pounds a year, in cash and appurtenances. The bishop strengthened Satan's power when he raised £50,000 as a moiety to endower pastorates. Where works like these thrust out faith, the religious zeal is cold and dead. It is only in an active, living, loving faith that true vital godliness flourishes. What a hecatomb of idols have to be created to staple up this false position of the Christian church. Bazaars, lotteries, marine-excursions, brass-bands, and even card playing, penances, ecclesiastical fees, and seat rents."

"The labourer is worthy of his hire, but what is that hire? It is self-denial, self-sacrifice, death to the world. It is renouncement of worldly pleasures, wealth, luxurious ease. It is the privilege to work hard, to pray hard, to live hard, and to suffer hard, to lift humanity upward, heavenward, godward. Such workers rejoice to become all things to all men. They mingle in the great tide of human woes. They are morally undefiled. Like Mueller of Bristol, they trust their master for their temporal necessities, or like Minister Grayson, of Brisbane, when he found his church too poor to subscribe the two hundred pounds a year for his stipend, immediately reduced his own salary one-half. Society to-day is morally rotten at the core. This church court is full of Judases. Let us start afresh. Let us get a young, earnest, christian pastor, one of the Good Shepherd's own staff."

"For some minutes there was silence."

"Lord Puledon rose. He answered, I object to church matters and state business, being mixed. The clergy may preach a kiss for a blow. But in state matters I have to hang the murderer, to fight those who attack me, to imprison the violent. Our mistaken zealots have insulted a great man. I move that we reinstate him, and, to assure him of

our continued confidence, present him with a donation of a hundred guineas."

"Sir Thomas Discrepens, seconded the resolution. It grieved him to see the spirit of anarchy which was damning the churches."

"Order, cried out three or four."

"Sir Anthony Adams, urged peace, peace. Let us forgive and forget. No doubt our beloved pastor will show by redoubled zeal that the accusations are untimed."

"Mr. Johnson supported the resolution."

"The vote was put. Thirty six for the minister remaining, and nine against."

"Dr. Oproham moved that the officials, who had so disturbed the peace of the church, and dared to question the position of the pastor, be suspended for 12 months."

"The Rev Virgil Pewens seconded the resolution."

"The vote was taken, twenty four for, and twenty one against. And so the true members of the church were suspended from office, snubbed, persecuted, and wronged. The church became as Laodicea—Anathema—Marenatha."





## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE BRISBANE GREAT FLOOD.

MR. West asked Minister Wilkinson to read to them the history of the Brisbane Great Flood. It read :

"The Australian aboriginal blacks were peculiarly sensitive to nervous impressions. In the early days these children of nature often predicted the advent of a sailing ship days before its arrival. They declared that they saw its picture in the sky, upside down, and sailing toward them."

"In and around Brisbane the blacks were restless. In the Moreton Bay and Ipswich districts, the signs of the heavens told a fearful coming calamity. The white people laughed to scorn these fears."

"As the days sped on, the signs increased. Influences in the atmosphere strangely affected these despised people. At length the black prophets predicted the greatest flood Brisbane had ever known, within the memory of living man."

"Drovers were out with their herds. Bushmen began to look askance. The superstitious heard noises. Small black ants were busily employed in moving their eggs to higher ground. Moths and butterflies hastened to seek shelter. Frogs croaked. Birds were uneasy, and flocks of parrots were loudly chattering, as unsettled, they flew from tree to tree. Curlews were weirdly uttering their plaintive cry. Pewits were wildly screaming. Seagulls were coming inland. Fish were going out to sea. Even the snakes were leaving their native morasses, as in large numbers they frightened the settlers, in ill-starred omen."

"Away in the New Zealand seas a strange phenomenon was noted. Huge icebergs from the Antarctic pole had come as messengers to regions wherein they were strangers. In threatening gait they neared the New Zealand shores. One visitant was found to be 500 feet out of the water, 1000

feet beneath the wave. Suddenly they came, suddenly they disappeared. Had these icebergs in their uncanny visit any message to deliver? Were they sent by the Unseen Hand, really to do His bidding in the far north, even to the Tropics?"

"How they chilled the air! How the warm currents from the North West rose above the icy cold currents of the South East, as the two met. How a powerful belt of synclinal and anticlinal stretched far along in the heavens!! How storm and cyclone and monsoon played their mighty movements round by Rockhampton and on to the Riverina! How the hurricane sped down the Queensland Coast, wafting the amazed meteorologist with an impetus of 100 miles an hour!! How it doubled in concentrated deliverance over the doomed city of Brisbane!!!"

"In the midst of terrible social disasters, these mighty disturbances of Nature descended on Brisbane, in overwhelming flood. The rain fell in gusts, in steady showers, in damping mists, in a very deluge. Here and there at times the water seemed to be just pitched down. Sixty six inches was the register for Marooka in three days."

"Only some 19 to 20 inches fell over Brisbane in 14 days. Yet business was stagnated. Everybody felt miserable. The winds blew hard from the South East, with an occasional interlude from the North East. Inland they carried the rain clouds. The far off drought stricken West was sighing for the rain. But it was not to be and to bless. The clouds were backed in mid heaven, and as it were, in a blocked banker, rolled over upon themselves to empty their contents on the South Queensland coastal river watersheds."

"Still the clouds gathered. Still the gloom deepened. Apprehension seized every heart. The telegraph wires carried the new sof flood and disaster until themselves broken down. Mines were flooded. As the current rushed down the shaft, it forced the air before it, until the increasing hydraulic pressure blew up or burst the mine."

"Warnings were sent to the inhabitants of Brisbane, that the Upper Brisbane, the Bremmer and their tributaries were in high flood. But as when Noah warned the antediluvians, men refused to heed, so the Brisbane people laughed also. Some families prepared to weather a small flood."



"During Friday night the river rose. Inch by inch the volume of waters lifted higher and higher. Foot by foot they poured beyond the river's banks and spread over the dry land. Yet man refused to be wise. Some were beginning to be anxious, but that anxiety ceased in preparation against the flood tide mark of previous flood."

"Onward the waters rolled, waiting for no man. Family after family were suddenly driven to flee from their homes for life. Some sought to remain in the upper storey rooms or garrets. These, in a defiant, hysterical way, bade the waters hold back. Yet still onward the waves pressed as the waters rose. Until in mighty torrent, the gathering rush made it apparent to all that an unprecedented flood was overtaking Brisbane."

"Furniture was carted off haphazard, or left in the rush for life; or even, so foul is the human heart, some miserable belongings were purposely wreckaged in the flood waters, in the determination to make a profit out of charity's pittance. The greater portion of the flooded victims, in the eleventh hour, worked might and main, night and day, to save their belongings. Too often it was, more haste, less speed. Again and again labour was only misspent, as the flood waters pursued.

"Boats plied upon the flood, ready to assist and to save. The water police plied their craft from street to street, from house to house, forcing the occupants, already over their waists in water, to lock their doors and fly."

"Some of the churches were turned into refuge homes. In one such, seventy people were housed. The pulpit was occupied by a boarding house keeper, who made her invalid husband a temporary bed in this sacred spot. The lady wisely distributed her boarders around the communion rail. Families of all sects and creeds here housed together. The sick and the children were undressed and rested in improvised beds. The adults did not undress, but night after night rested on forms, pew seats, or even on the floor."

"Were the people in tears? No! Calamity, for the time, seemed to make them brothers and sisters. Excitement drove sentimental weeping away. Jokes were bandied about by those who knew not how they would get their next meal. The children were natural. They immediately fell

into family circle. Groups collected to look at each other's picture books, and to play with toys saved in the flight. Even the kitten was rescued."

"The storm outside increased. Heroic boatmen plied their craft to save. One newspaper firm thought in wisdom to set up a clay barricade to protect their property. The flood torrent scarcely murmured, as it lifted the structure like a straw. Goods piled up on counters, on higher shelves or floors, were simply placed to destruction. The main streets on either side of the river were flooded."

"Yet still the waters rose. Gradually the piles of the bridge, which spanned the river, were hidden by the fast flowing stream. All the city was moved. Busses and trams were cut off from running. Boats carried the street traffic. The river had become a wide spread extending sea. For miles the waters covered houses, trees, everything."

"Fresh victims were hourly seized with fear, panic and collapse. Refugees tenanted a train, itself stopped in its journey by those same flood waters. Railway stations were taken possession of by the fleeing families, as nature's Mighty Agent took their homes and demanded ejection or death."

"A noise, like the firing of a cannon, notified the slipping into the stream of a large piece of land, with a big tree, and a picnic party shed. The steamers in the river strained their cables and dragged their anchors. Some got up steam and slowly held their own against the current. Others were driven aground. The river's current was a furious boiling rush. Wreckage in the shape of houses, trees, haystacks, pianos, boxes, bales, furniture, beer and spirit barrels, &c., mixed in intermingled race. Animals alive and dead floated down the stream. Snakes rode upon the debris. While here and there a cat sat sole occupant of a floating dwelling."

"All was hurry, yet all was collapse. A motley crowd kept moving outside the flood limit to gaze, to wonder, and to be still. Many without shoes and stockings; many in torn disabille; many with broken umbrellas moved along, but none seemed to heed. Every face was a picture. Excitement, commiseration, misery, fear, courage, hope, despair, were plainly to be seen. Yet everywhere reaction seemed to



be setting in. Resolution to bow to the worst, and to begin and struggle again became more and more marked."

"As the current rose, and the debris accumulated against the piers of the bridge, the pressure increased, until in the dark hours of the night, with a noise as of repeating thunder, the bridge gave way, and nearly half of the northern part fell into the river. As some youths who witnessed the catastrophe looked up in to the heavens, they saw the stars again shining brightly. Nature had obeyed her Master. Calm and sunshine were again to follow the storm."

"Alas, drunkenness had disgraced Brisbane, both in its men and women, in the inertia of collapse, consternation and idleness. Beer houses and low pubs boasted the trade effected, and the money hauls made. But as the flood waters receded, the call was for help, to recover homes, furniture, property, city. Houses had to be removed out of the open streets. Vessels had to be refloated. The water pipes burst, and a water famine threatened, in the time of flood."

"The city was draped in darkness, there being no gas. Men cursed and defied God. Parsons taught that God had nothing to do with the matter, or that He was obliged to bow to nature's bidding. Who this mighty nature might be, they did not know! They had failed to learn, that while the Almighty governs by law, each law is endowed by His power, to two-fold service. Each law is, first, in the Father's will, the instrument to beneficence to man's every want and need. But in His rule, each law becomes, when necessary, a chastening rod. Philosophical, self-minded clergy proclaimed the disaster to have been brought about entirely by the inhabitants themselves, who ought never to have built on the low flood-tide flats. These forgot that the volcano may at any moment erupt, that the earthquake might shake the plains at any hour, that the tidal wave might swamp any coast, or the tempest wreck any vessel. If men wait until masters of the position, they would never build at all on land or water."

"The horse is man's most useful beast of burden, truly a good servant, but a bad master. Many persons lose their lives, because they do not understand horses. Yet others, who do understand them, lose their lives from circumstances which they cannot control. There is a higher rule than

man's, and while man is lord over nature, yet the Most High holds humanity and nature to His purpose and will."

"Men had hardly carted the mud away, the houses not washed away were barely cleaned, by continued labour, when the rains began again. An interim flood warned men once more of their true position and helplessness. As if not sufficient, a third flood poured over the city to within a span of the flood waters of a fortnight before. Yet men and women largely failed to see God in these judgments."

"Even in their distress, men selfishly preyed upon their flood-stricken neighbours. Prices of necessities were run up to fabulous quotation. Drapers sold stuff soaked in dirty water, and often got more for old stock in trade, which was probably never touched by the flood, than it was commercially worth."

"Thousands of pounds were sent from England, and other lands, as Flood Relief. Man's dual nature herein appeared. The touch of God in mankind led to the gathering this relief money. The touch of Adam, in too many officious Brisbane citizens, exhibited selfishness in most hideous form in the distribution." Wranglings, squabbles, for place and power, lack of business judgment, impositions, favouritism and a host of creeping evil things disgraced men and measures. One poor woman, who lost all, who had her fruit business plant stolen, whose husband had left her, and who had to maintain herself and one boy, was awarded one pound, and a few rubbishy bed clothes, &c., which she would not even bemean herself to use. Others, who lost nothing at all, or only the merest nominal value, gained ample relief in many depots. Such was Brisbane, such was Queensland, in all her national executive in the nineteenth century,—rottenness and corruption."





## CHAPTER XVIII.

## HELL, OR DESTRUCTION OF ALL THE RUBBISH.

**A**T breakfast on the last Sunday of our entertainment, Mrs. West asked Mr. Greathead if the people of Australia believed in hell.

"Undoubtedly," answered Mr. Greathead. "You cannot have a perfect garden unless you remove and destroy all the weeds and rubbish. You cannot have a perfect heaven unless you separate out all the morally abominable and unclean. Selfishness is the hydra-headed monster which has filled earth with evil and misery. Separate all the selfishness. The oneness is heaven. The vileness is hell."

Minister Wilkinson, who had experienced a three days trance, now proceeded to relate its teachings. He said, "One day, about eight months ago, a deep sleep suddenly fell upon me. I was lost to outward consciousness. A vision distinctly present to my inmost spirit, absorbed my soul. Every sense was dead to earthly influences. Physically I was never so still. Mentally I was never so active. For three days I slept profoundly. When I awoke, a weird, strange feeling had laid hold of me."

"As I slept, it appeared as if I were going a long journey through a dark tunnel. The darkness was distressing, yet I knew no fear. I could not imagine whither I was hastening. I felt resigned in quiet calm expectation."

"After a time I seemed to reach a place where a deeper darkness reigned. Suddenly a beautiful soft light burst forth. In its brightness I gazed around. The revelation was absolutely terrifying. I shuddered in indescribable horror. Presently a heavenly spirit appeared, and said, you are a stranger here, be not afraid."

"Yes, and I trust I evermore shall be," I answered.

"Do you know where you are?" continued the angel.

"I believe this must be hell," I answered in a soliloquy. "I had no sooner uttered the words than I awoke to their terrible meaning. I trembled violently. My faith presently

reasserted her strength. Surely, I cried, this must be a dream. *I cannot be doomed to die.* I am sprinkled with the blood of the Paschal Lamb of Calvary. I defy the destroying angel."

"You are safe," replied the spirit, "an indescribable joy in his countenance. I am sent to be your guide and escort, while you journey through the Infernal Shades."

"If this be hell, I questioned, where are the worm, the fire, and the brimstone."

"Immediately my understanding was illumined. As I gazed on the lost, I perceived a white heat of agony too terrible to be merely material. The fire seemed to envelop in a burning I cannot describe. The worm sapped the individual self. I felt most acutely the awful folly of those who played unbelief in the visionary and fleeting material, but who in such unwise play, lost sight of the real and eternal. I felt rather than uttered the words, How awful! Hell is a terrible reality."

"Yet," replied the spirit, "the creation of hell is the greatest manifestation of the love of Deity, which could possibly be granted to a free agency intelligent universe. You cannot have a heaven, since moral evil exists, unless you have a hell into which to separate and bury the rubbish. A heaven is only possible in infinite harmonies. Infinite harmonies can only exist in infinite oneness. Infinite oneness can only be realizable in 'The Infinite One.'"

"The Infinite One to give heaven to His creatures must give Himself in His attributes to infinite harmonies. The consecration or sanctification in free gift of these infinite harmonies to His creature's life and happiness is the holiness of God. In His holiness the Creator Son gives the Deity in himself to create Heaven. He gives Heaven to all who will accept and receive."

"If I understand correctly," I asked, "you mean that the least discord, the least antagonism of purpose, the least selfishness would unheaven heaven. Therefore heaven can only be a reality in the Infinite. And so man to know heaven, must be in union with the Infinite in the Divine Humanity, and to be in such union must first be purged from all selfishness."

"And to this end, continued the spirit, the Messiah reigns."



"Yet I continued, such teaching is opposed to that of the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. They heralded God as the Conqueror, taking revenge upon the wicked throughout eternity, by the continued infliction of prods and strokes, and everything awful. In such teaching, many thinkers accused the Divine Father, the God of infinite love, of cruelty."

"The errors of the dark ages left their mark on the church for centuries," answered the spirit. "The Almighty *has no pleasure* in the *death* of the wicked. He does all He can to avoid it. But He must destroy all contaminating moral rubbish. It would be unrighteous to allow selfish sinking humanity to sink and eternally ruin those who are seeking to live righteously and truly. God must destroy moral vermin, but man to be destroyed, must sink of his own will into this condition."

"Jesus Christ," I observed, "spoke of the Gehenna as the hell after death."

"Gehenna or Glen Hinnon," said the spirit, "was the valley of the son of Hinnon. It was near Jerusalem. By nature it was a perfect garden, a very Eden."

"As Lot chose Sodom, so the idol worshipers chose this valley, for their temples and worship. Here King Solomon made a garden, built high places, and erected altars to please his heathen wives. Here was Topheth, the place of music, where the fires of Moloch were ever burning. Children were made to pass through the fire. The idol's image was hollow. As the living children were offered up, the fire from the image consumed them. Lest their cries should enlist the sympathy of women or others, who might thus wish to rescue them, the screams were drowned by music and shouting."

"This sensational idolatrous ritual became the occasion of continuous temptation to the Jews. The sin of idolatry as a standing insult against the Jehovah of Israel became identified with this valley Gehenna. In His teaching the Saviour herein illustrated hell. The idolators would be destroyed in this valley as offal and uncleanness. So all the abominable, and liars, and unclean, would be destroyed in the Gehenna in their own immorality and corruption. No King of Judah or Israel ever seemed to possess the moral

courage and the power to uproot all the groves and break down the high places. In judgment the Almighty destroyed the abomination, in the slaughter and corruption of its own votaries. The prophet had prophesied. 'Therefore, behold, the day is come, saith the Lord, that it shall be called no more Topheth (music), nor the valley of the son of Hinnon (the beautiful garden), but the valley of slaughter; for they shall bury in Topheth till there is no place to bury.' "

"The prophecy was literally fulfilled when this beautiful Eden was corrupted in the most debasing defilement of putrefying corpses in the siege of Jerusalem. As Josephus recorded, even Titus quaked, when he saw the mutilation of corpses in the valley. 'When he saw the valley full of dead bodies, and the thick putrefaction running about them, he gave a groan, and spreading out his hands to heaven, called God to witness that this was not his doing; and such was the sad case of the city itself.' "

"What do you understand, I queried, by the fire, the worm, and the brimstone "

"Jesus Christ, said the spirit, is the Great Divine Human Gardener. His garden is to be the one perfection of moral beauty. In His teachings, He illustrated spiritual realities, by physical facts and illustration, known to His hearers. Dead weeds, and useless and dying branches are got rid of in nature, by combustion or decay. So spiritual wreckage will thus be spiritually dealt with."

"Lower type chemical combustion is ever passing the dead and useless out of the way of the living. Higher combustion or active flame destroys thoroughly. Immediately life, from any cause, begins to wane, decay sets in. The parasitic hosts of unclean things, bacteria, worms, beetles, and their allies scavenger for the useless and the dead. This is necessary to the vitality and vigour of the living. By combustion and decay, nature rids her stalls of the inactive and dangerous. So the spiritual chaff and stubble must be burned. Evil must fester in its own mire. As unclean scavengers attack the crippled and dying tree, so alcohol, tobacco, and other signs, betoken moral weakness."

"But, continued the spirit, Jesus carried the lesson beyond its symbol. Material fire burns out. The combustion of the lost spirit in its own pollution is an



*unquenchable fire.* Parasitic worms themselves die. The worm of hell *dieth not*. The conscience reveals the lost spirit to itself, in the helpless condition of parasitic destruction in its own moral pollution."

"Sulphur and its compounds in nature, act as disinfectant. They restrain the miasmata from attacking and destroying even the living. The power of God, signified as the wrath of God, holds evil in check, and prevents it utterly destroying all creature good. So in hell, this power restrains hell from pouring forth, and utterly destroying spiritual creature universe."

"We now passed into the vault of hades. Deep down were a number of clergy. Why, I asked my guide are these here?"

"The blind, leaders of the blind," have fallen under their own load of souls, explained the spirit."

"As I looked, I intuitively cried, Pope Tullens, how came you here?"

"Because, answered the pontiff, I placed the church before God. As head of the church, I was heralded over the earth as, '*his holiness the pope*.' As such, I was head of the most holy, the Catholic Church. In my position, as sovereign pontiff, I demanded absolute obedience to the church. I was more severe, more demanding than God Himself. I forbade the people the use of the reasoning powers which the Almighty had given them to use. No matter what the private opinion of the individual, I demanded absolute uniformity in the church by an unconditional surrender of all judgment and will to Rome. The teachings of the New Testament proclaim unity alone in the Divine in Christ. I taught uniformity alone in the one true church. Protestants aimed at spiritual unity on the essential doctrines of christianity. The great mission of my priests was to bend the neck of the people to Rome. They themselves had to set the example by abjuring even family love and relations, in absolute prostration of celibacy to the shrine. In the church I did not give heaven, for that is possible only in the infinite harmonies of the Infinite One, the holiness of God. There are no infinite harmonies in any Church, or in any ecclesiastic, as head of that Church. Upon the church's enemies or renegades, I reigned the major

or less damnation. To her most faithful sons I could only promise purgatory."

"But will not the prayers of the church pray you out of purgatory, I asked."

"For centuries replied the pontiff, the church has ceased to pray for me. The masses paid for in my interests were faithfully repeated. Hecatombs of prayers were offered by the faithful for me. I had to leave the triple crown, and the purple and scarlet behind me. The keys I found would not fit, although I perseveringly tried them. But I also discovered that righteousness cannot be entombed here; selfishness and sin cannot be prayed away from here, no matter if the whole universe wrestle and agonize in prayer."

Near by was an Anglican archbishop. "Dr. Antonio," I exclaimed, "why are you here?"

"I trusted to the sacraments for salvation, instead of to the living Christ," replied the prelate. "I sought sovereignty and power over the masses by gorgeous ritual, dramatic music, and sundry idolatries."

"But," I queried, "the High Church ritualists stated that they enforced daily observance of the blessed sacrament to foster piety."

"And no doubt," said the prelate, "a weird solemnity and pious awe did at times attend. But even in time this developed into a formal routine. The Corinthians might get drunk over the sacrament, but none ever found life there. It was only instituted as a reminder to direct the people to the True Life."

"But surely your party did not worship ritual and ritualistic images," I asked.

"Listen," said the prelate, to a heathen's opinion. 'A Mohammedan of culture and observation, after visiting England, wrote a letter, in which he affirmed, that it was an untruth to state that the British public only worshipped the one God. Many, he declared, whom he met, he found worshipping the mother of the Great Prophet, who lived before their own Prophet, Mohammed; others worshipped candles,'"

"We taught as the more intelligent heathen explained, that images are but finger posts to point the worshipper to the gods. Ritual and high art music are but hedges of roses, and all sweet flowers, to lead forward and animate the



heavenly pilgrim. Nevertheless in heathendom and christendom, the ignorant, superstitious and weak, did worship the images. These did trust to the sweet perfumes and balmy breezes of ritual for salvation."

"Yes," said my guide, "God is the Spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth—not in shadow and darkness. Images are material, and can only lead man to the morbid and selfish. Ritual is artistically effective in colour and sound, but only *feeds the physical senses*."

"I was amazed to see the Rev. Timothy Despatch, an ex-Methodist Minister. I recalled the time when in his ordination vows that gentleman publicly and solemnly declared to the great congregation that he sacrificed all secular pursuits, and commercial advantages, to the service of humanity in Christ. I asked him to explain."

"Alas," said the minister, "I started well. My intentions were straightforward, but the Australian gold fever, as an epidemic, visited the land. I craved for gold. I used my sacred position to speculate for gold. I traded in mining shares. I knuckled down to the moneyed people. I played into the hands of placeholders. Even in my forgetfulness I preached the same sermon two Sunday mornings running. I was fearful to reprove evil. I dared not offend wealth. I fluttered, became careless, and fell."

"My brethren were too weak to warn me of my danger. Many of them were tarred with the same brush. Gold, and place, and popularity, and power, had not lost their charms to us, although we publicly professed to be dead to the world. Even doctor Mysack nearly lost his soul for gold. His affairs were sadly involved. The worry hastened his death. It was only as the thief, when he let go all his idols, helpless, and nothing to offer, that in Christ Jesus, he just got inside heaven at last."

"I held on to my mining script and house property, and was just outside heaven when the gates closed."

"Oh, you fool," I ejaculated.

"Tell my brethren," said the minister, "to care for nothing, only to completely sacrifice themselves to God in His one great design. Let them give their all, and themselves in this purpose, the raising the world heavenward, and to save people from coming to this place of torment."

"Close to the clerics were a body of professional men. Legal points marked every face. Lies fashioned the wrinkles in every brow. Embellished in sophisticated pencillings were all conceivable forms of deceit, craft, cunning, avarice, hatred, terror, oppression, and cruelty. Every passion seemed lit up in fiendish despair."

"One judge was howling, 'judge not that ye be not judged.' Another was screaming out, however, did I come to be so hideously insane, as to object to a pleading brother wearing a light suit of tweed in my official presence."

"One cried, I refused mercy, now I cannot obtain it."

"Scribes and pharisees, lawyers and hypocrites, roared a voice as of thunder. You who devoured widows' houses. You grew rich on the distresses of the afflicted."

"I would ask his honour that that point be reserved," interjected a well-known barrister.

"I object, your honour. My learned friend has neglected to give due notice. He has failed to prove that the offence was committed in a public place."

"I gave notice," said Mr. Brookenshaw, "that I should be here to-day. Alas, my Methodist father trained me to believe that gold was the one thing needful; that self was the one being to guild and crown; and that law held the purse strings to eternity."

"I would ask your honour to add my refreshers to my daily fees," asked a junior.

"Until the agony is piled on sufficiently," interjected his rival senior.

"A mighty multitude of warriors now came into view. Conquerors and conquered blasphemed each other. The human passions in this crowd appeared completely transverted. They were no longer human. They had become demoniacal. Kings lay dethroned. Generals appeared undefended, and deserted. A terrible orgie riveted my attention. Millions of murderers and murdered lay together. There seemed the heavy clanking of arms in the echoes of the vaults. The cauldron unmistakably revealed an ocean of blood. As the volcano ready to erupt, it kept spitting vengeance and hatred."

"As I shuddered, the spirit asked me, 'where is the glory of manhood which delights in blood. Was ever any



craving so insane? Call it chivalry, it is madness. Call it honour and martial glory, it is the abomination of hell. These who have delighted in war are they who held the earth close up to hell's mouth. These are those who for a fleeting shadow of praise, desolated homes, and soaked earth's hills and dales with human gore. These tyrannized the nations. These claimed and seized the people's lands for their reward. They demanded to be carried high on men's shoulders, as the nation's blue-blood families, for all future time. They commanded men everywhere to bow the knee. The selfishness of war was the selfishness infernal. Yet the nations were foolish enough to call this valour, military glory, chivalry, prowess, courage, heroism."

"We visited a large assembly of courtiers, senators and governors. Sir William Mulcahy was crying with spasmodic gaspings, money! money!! money!!! Oh, if I only had my money! Why, after I went to all the trouble in getting the bill through the House for the Shoot-hole and Yarratele railway, did I go and lose that £50,000 which Hoker, Rayter and Co., commercially and legally placed in my hands? That was the beauty, gentlemen, everything was done legally. It paid them. It paid me. Even my opponent became my friend when it came to the law. There was the £10,000 I made, by one stroke of the pen in the V.X.R. Bank. It was worth risking fame and office to pilot the V.X.R. into a harbour of safety. A quarter of a million, gentlemen, just fancy! Two hundred and fifty thousand—saved!—yes—saved!!"

"Then there was the £20,000 in the Mount Mitchell Gold mine. Almost made myself an ass there. I would have wofully fallen, only my legal friend Jones, saved me. In varied experiences, I got my hand on the key for making money. Financiering is a science. The money markets seem to roll the cash round in an ellipse. If you can only calculate the focuses correctly, and prepare the nets accordingly, you *must haul in wealth*."

"I was wont to hold a great sieve net against the current as it rolled over the cataclism. I made some splendid hauls. But, like a fool, I sometimes politically allowed bigger fools than myself, to use me as a weir. Once or twice I neglected to fully allow for the force of the current, and I

lost all. Then I resorted to whisky, which gave me a corporation, but it burned out my pockets, and my brains."

"In the height of triumph, as a most grateful, fawning nation, was in the midst of idolizing me for my deeds, the black horse and his rider came, touched the circulation, induced disappointment, and stayed my calculations."

"My guide now took me to a great congregation of literati. Newspaper men literally swarmed. The yarns they spun were most outrageous. Even hell pronounced them deceivers."

"Listen to me," said Jim Asterock, "the jockey who broke his neck in the Maiden Stakes, as he addressed the company. Here we meet on a common level, turf men and press men. On earth you held the upper hand. Here you have discovered the lower grade. We paid you liberally to advertise us. We gave your staff the latest tips. You wrote us up. Together we gulled, and damned the public. To-day all reap our deserts."

"I saw a number of evolution scientists. Two of them were in heated debate."

"Protoplasm," said the professor, "was an elementary material substance. I claimed for it divine powers. I plunged into its depths until my eyes were blinded, my ears turned deaf, my nostrils closed, and my mouth became stuffed up. All the thought avenues of my brain were blocked with protoplasm. Everything I touched seemed to turn to protoplasm. I mistook protoplasm to be the progenitor of life. It was the life which developed the protoplasm."

"No wonder you did silly things," replied the doctor, "I was drowned in a butt of another wine. Evolution swayed me along in its majestic waves, *until all the poetical and religious side of my nature was atrophied*. I coveted praise. I aspired to be the founder of a new philosophy. I craved to be idolised among men. I gained my end."

"As I held up phantom monkeys evolving into men, men applauded. As I pronounced the desmid and the lion to be one, in direct descent, even women cheered me to the echo. *But I was emotionally and spiritually blind ever after.*"



"You rose as a soap bubble, in prismatic lights, high in the atmosphere of refined society. The bubble burst," added the professor. "While you aired phantoms, I disavowed knowledge. I descended into the ridiculous and swayed as an agnostic. I taught my disciples *in matters of the intellect, do not pretend that conclusions are certain, which are demonstrated or not demonstrable by evidences of the physical senses.*"

"But, professor," said the doctor, "I only lived in phantoms as a teacher. In every day life I practiced realities. You professed only to accept conclusions through demonstration of your senses. In accepting such evidence you did more, you transgressed your own rules and tore down your flag. When your ears heard words, you accepted such sounds as sounds. You ought to have done nothing more. You always went further. You accepted and read off *intellectually*, what you were pleased to term the thoughts, which the word sounds carried."

"Thoughts as such could not be materially seen, heard, smelt, tasted, or felt. Yet you accepted the sounds and pronounced the something which they carried, fact. You made the information your own on some demonstration outside of your physical senses. You, to be consistent, should have rejected the thoughts, as not demonstrated by the physical senses."

"Yes," said the professor, "to-day I know and admit five higher functional powers, the five spiritual senses. It was only when I wished to deny the responsibilities arising from these, that I posed as an agnostic, an ignoramus, a know nothing."

"No. 1, *Spiritual Sense*, answers to the physical sense of feeling. The physical sense, most universally distributed in nature, is feeling. Many of the lowest orders of creatures are the most sensitive to feeling. Even plants feel. Some, as the sensitive plant, shut up when touched. By a beautiful distribution of nerve fibrillæ, or glandular cellular tissue, all living creatures feel."

"Conscience is that delicate adjustment of the spirit, being the nervous system of your spiritual nature, whereby we morally feel, and learn to know right and wrong. It grows more tender and sensitive by service. It dulls by disuse. Yet as under the thickened skin of the finger ends, feeling is always present, so conscience abides for ever."

"No. 2, *Spiritual Sense*, answers to physical hearing. Motion is an ever present factor of nature. In the lower orders of creatures, motion or sound influences through the feelings. In the higher orders the more delicate harmonies of sound are read off to the creatures, in the sense of hearing. As man hears sounds, he learns to read off their meaning."

"Spiritual motion wakes up the spiritual hearing. 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' There are spiritual vibrations, which are ever striking the soul of man. Let the soul be well attuned, and strung, and man cannot help hearing and knowing the vibratory trills sent in direct message from God. The spiritual ear is vastly more sensitive and delicate than its physical cognomen."

"No. 3, *Spiritual Sense*, answers to the physical sense of taste. With the tongue the higher orders taste. Taste is a profit as well as a pleasure to the individual. Taste creates and guides the appetites. Taste stimulates the eating and mastication of food."

"Our moral appetites, or tastes, are keener than our physical. We enjoy the good. We despise the low and evil. Only a foul inside tolerates a furred tongue, a bad taste."

"By taste we learn to value the true, the beautiful, and the chaste. The spiritual existence would be imperfect without the tastes and appetites for the true and the good. Moral depravity alone exults in depraved tastes."

"No. 4, *Spiritual Sense*, answers to the sense of smell. How wonderfully and keenly developed in many creatures is the organ of smelling. How true is a dog's scent. The sweet odours of flowers draw insects for miles. The scented air bears testimony to the sweet and refreshing harmonies which it wafts along. At the same time, the sense of smell is keen to detect the faintest unpleasant, and disagreeable odour."



"In the daily life of man, the most delightful experiences are the spiritual emotions. Bouquets of moral harmony and peace, create joy in the soul. Love is a perfume more delicious than the choicest otto of roses. Pleasant harmonies of love shed a gracious influence on the spirit. Man rises or falls in social dignity through the energies of the passions. In the emotions, man drinks in the divine life in Jesus Christ. Love is the breath of the emotions. Love is divine. In its experience man learns to resist the low, offensive and coarse, and to choose the good."

"No. 5, *Spiritual Sense*, answers to the physical sense of seeing. Nature is a very glory of beauty. She is created to be seen. The eye was formed to be filled with delight. As the creatures see nature, in the beautitude of such vision, they enjoy existence. As the natural eyes read off the pictures of nature, so the spiritual eye of the soul reads off spiritual shinings. Man thus sees the hand touches of the Divine Father. He sees in living reality, far more brightly than in fleeting materialisms, the life and light of God. In this faculty, he sees the higher spiritual energies which God touches into the Moral Universe. With this eye man sees his own inmost self."

"Alas, said the doctor, protoplasm and evolution choked our spiritual senses, and lost heaven."

"What will the end be," asked a newspaper editor.

"The end," said the spirit, "is deeply wrapped in mystery. God the Father alone knows all His righteous will. Certain fixed facts are revealed. Certain evidences are permitted. The glorious purpose of the Divinity is everywhere proclaimed. 'The lamb slain from the foundation of the world.'"

"Immediately the promise was given—time began to be. In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. The æons began. The geological ages commenced, and one by one were slowly unfolded. It was all a preparation, but the preparation was most elaborate and worthy God."

"The glorious Centre and Sun of the whole scheme was God, the Son of God, the one God. By the omnipotence of

His strength, in the vastness of His purpose, and in the fulness of His amazing love, He brought forth the material universe. He touched as in a moment His thoughts into being, and clothed His will with energy."

"While the Divine I am was the All in All in the majesty and glory of the purpose, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, was the one all absorbing mirabile of the purpose and design."

"What shall the end be? Was purpose ever so profound? Was scheme ever so vast? God the Son having taken man's nature, again raised that nature, as He atoned for the whole race. But this is not all. In His glorious sacrificial robes He continues pleading man's cause in heaven, while by the Holy Spirit, He pleads with the rescued sinner to rise out of the fall, accept His offered love and pardon, and live for ever."

"The Son of God as earth's king is infinitely merciful. He will not break a bruised reed. He will not quench the smoking flax. He will not turn away one who pants after and seeks to fulfil His service."

"Yet as judge, He will not, cannot, permit any filth to remain out of hell. It is His purpose, it is His duty to His Father, to Himself, and to the righteous, intelligent universe, to cleanse away all the filth. He does not cast those who sigh and struggle for God into hell, but He casts out all the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars."

"How," I asked, "will Jesus the Conqueror, *destroy the power of hell.*"

"Only," replied the spirit, "by His triumph as the Absolute Conqueror. In His triumphant humanity, on behalf of the redeemed, He will utterly crush the devil and all evil. Hell, as you see it here, is to be plucked up and cast into an outer darkness, into a nethermost hell."

"God has power to kill or to destroy both body and soul in hell. He has absolute power. Christ must reign



until he hath put all enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death. The nethermost hell is the second death. After the beast, and the false prophet, and the great whore, are thrust into this lake of fire; after the devil and his angels are thrust into their final chains; and after all evil, and all the filthy ones are driven into this lake of fire, which is the second death—then the end will come.”

“The universe will gather to see the Conqueror.”

“An angel will cry over land and sea that time shall be no more. Time, the period of the great mystery of godliness, will finish. Then will the Conqueror arise in the majesty and omnipotence of power. As when time began to be, He will again go forth. In His first manifestation of omnipotence, He spoke a universe into material existence. In the end of time, He will with like infinite power speak the moral universe of the kingdom of heaven into absolute order and perfect oneness. He will destroy, and as it were, incinerate all the filth of hell, and separate it from the cleansed moral universe.”

“As he utters His proclamation, every foe will fall before the weight of His power. So awful and keen will be the stroke it will grind His enemies to powder.”

“Taking Apollyon, and every other rule, and authority, and power, He will irrevocably paralyse them into utter imbeciles. So absolute and perfect will be his triumph, that henceforth there shall be no more curse. Not even a breath of disaffection, not a taint of evil, not a shadow of rebellion shall brook His triumph.”

“The fury of the power of God, as the brimstone symbol, in the lake of fire and brimstone, restrains hell. Evil is to utterly collapse.”

“This nethermost hell is the second death. And this death has to be destroyed. This is the last enemy. The whole of opposed organized power is thrust into chains in this outer darkness. This seething lake of outer darkness is for a time held back and controlled. But it has to be conquered absolutely and destroyed. Even restrained it represents the dormant opposition to Jehovah Jesus. Could

He leave this corruption in even small power of selfishness? If so, how could He be absolute conqueror? He must burn up, root and stalk, all moral weeds. He destroys the dead in the second death, in eternal death."

"What will the wreckage be? As the initiative might of His power, touched forth in His will in energy of expression, was clothed with material atoms and, so clothed, retained the endowed power throughout the ages; so His final effort will touch into all evil beings the eternal abiding sentence of His will. And as material atoms retained physical laws as gravitation, &c., throughout the æons; so the evil spirits shall receive and eternally carry the stamp of His wrath. As they see Him in His divine triumph, all will fall prostrate, confess the lie of their past rebellious existence, and cry, holy and righteous are Thy judgments, Lord God Almighty."

"All the evil ones will be metamorphosed. No longer free agents, with no power to curse, no power to think evil, with all self utterly paralysed, with the second death, or the last alienation, and hatred against God, utterly destroyed, these evil ones remain in absolute collapse."

"Jesus, I asked, spoke of God, who could destroy both body and soul in hell. Saint John, in his vision, speaks of the devil and his angels, being tormented for ever and ever."

"The devil and his angels, and all evil men, said the spirit, have even in hell a restricted freedom left in their own possession. This freedom will be destroyed. Their license will be abrogated. In fixture, as the Almighty Jehovah Jesus strikes them, they will abide, a monument of collapse, a sign of defeat, a terrible moral wreckage for ever. The touch of His power shall, as ascending smoke, hold them thus bound for ever."

"Will it be, I asked, that each one shall become as Lot's wife, or will each in consciousness of failure, in automatus lunacy, know nothing, but the terrible collapse as they abide monuments for ever. Will the avalanche of the blow leave the lost spirit a spent wreck, only viewing the one picture, the glory of the Lord God Almighty, and their own folly in automatus gaze for ever?"



"The spirit replied, I know not the end. But this I do know. His triumph will be absolute. No taint of evil will remain to harm or abort the heaven of holy spiritual universe."

"I fancy, I said, that the bacteria of hell might even affect heaven. But when anathema, death and hell, are paralysed and stereotyped into absolute helplessness, the Divine Man's triumph must be complete."

"Yes said my guide, as we left the shades, as God the Son beholds His work, in the millions of the redeemed, rescued, and purged from all evil. 'He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied.' 'Then will He deliver the kingdom to His Father, and God shall be all in all.' Then, and only then, will time cease to be, absorbed into an endless eternity."

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